THE

Survey of the Earth,

IN ITS

General Vileneſs and Debauch.

WITH SOME

New Projects to Mend or Cobble it.

Shewing (in ſhort) but

More *exactly* than any Pope, General Council, General Aſſemblies, Synods, Sermons, or Lectures ever yet have done

WHAT IS

I. The *True* Chriſtian Religion.
II. The *True* Church of *Chriſt*. And,
III. The *True* Church of *England*.

That Men might live happy *here* and *hereafter*.

Enfeebling alſo

The None-ſuch Tool called *Excommunication*, and the Writ *De Excommunicato Capiendo*, as commonly us'd.

The whole World lieth in Wickedneſs, 1 John 5. 19.

By *EDMUND HICKERINGILL*,
Rector of *All-Saints* in *Colcheſter*.

The Second Edition.

LONDON,
Printed; and are to be Sold by *B. Bragge* in *Ave-Mary-Lane*. *Price* 1 s.

THE

Survey of the Earth,

IN PART

General Villenels and Debauch,

WITH SOME

New Projects to Mend or Cudgle it.

Shewing (in Short) how

The Whole World Hath Wickedly, and Unjustly

BY

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THE SURVEY OF THE EARTH, IN ITS General Vileneſs and Debauch, &c.

BY this Title ſome, perhaps, will imagine, That I have undertaken a Task of larger extent, than *Drake's Girdle of the Earth*, when he compaſſed it from *Weſt* to *Eaſt*, the making whereof coſt him three Years Travel to accompliſh.

My Navigation has ſcarcely exceeded one *Quadrant* of *Drake's Circle*, but ſufficient enough to give me a *Proſpect of the Corruption of the Earth*, and to take the *Latitude* thereof, and *Obſervations* accordingly, in this *Eſſay*.

Wherein, whatever other Faults may eſcape me, I will ſo far be kind to my ſelf and the Reader as to avoid *tediouſneſs*: For, conſidering the *largeneſs* of my Subject, my words ſhall be *few*.

A late Author makes this Earth of ours to be

A dark, vile Planet, and the Arſe
Of all the other Univerſe.

Some call it *the naſty Sink*, *the Jaques*, *the Bog-houſe*; or, if you pleaſe, *the Cloſe-ſtool* of the reſt of the World: And the

Scripture often yokes Earthly and Deviliſh together in the ſame Line.

And yet, nevertheleſs, what a *hurry* and *bandying is*, and always *has* been, who ſhall be *chief Grooms* of this filthy Wardrobe, this Stole, or rather Cloſe-ſtool?

The *firſt Man* that was born in this *vile* Earth was, a *Devil Incarnate*, a Murtherer from the beginning, (as was the *old Serpent*, that *had to do* with his Mother *Eve*;) and begun his Butchery when there was but *one*, except his Father and Mother, to handſel his bloody Sword upon.

Afterward, *Nimrods* and *Hectors*, and *Hunters* of Men and Beaſts, *Giants* and *Incarnate Devils* Peopled this Sink, and did ſo multiply and increaſe, in *Villany* as well as *Numbers*, that neither the *Earth*, nor *God* that made it, could bear with them any longer; for God repented that he had made the *Wretches*, and *it grieved him at his Heart*, becauſe every *Imagination of the thoughts of Man's Heart was evil continually*.

Therefore the Lord ſaid, I will *deſtroy Man whom I have created, from the face of the Earth, both Man and Beaſt, and the creeping things*, and *Fowls of the Air*, none of the whole Creation eſcap'd, except *Rats*, *Otters*, *Crocodiles*, and other *Amphibious Creatures*, that could live both on Land and in Water, and *Fiſhes* too, eſcap'd the fatal Doom, and two Beaſts of a kind alſo, at leaſt, as many as had the good luck and lot to be called into the Ark, with *Noah* and his three Sons, and their Wives, and Victuals for them all, in that *little bottom*, for a whole Year, or thereabouts, crowded together in the Ark or *Cheſt*, that was but 300 Cubits, or 150 Yards long, and 25 Yards broad, and but 15 Yards high; and without *Anchors*, *Maſts*, *Sails*, or *Sailors*, tumbling in the *Deluge*.

A miraculous eſcape, of four Men, and as many Women; and whatever the Women were, the Men were *none of the beſt*, though the beſt in that wicked World: Wicked *Ham* expoſed his Fudled Father to Shame; and if we may gueſs at the Tree by the Fruit, the Breed that came of theſe four Women, were Sons and Daughters, like their Grandame *Eve*; ſo that in 330 Years and upwards, God could not find a Man to pitch upon to get a *Brood of true Churchmen*, till old *Abraham*, and old *Sarah*, after ſhe had been gallanted at Court by two Kings, and was barren and ſuperannuated, and her Husband a very

old

old Man; whose *Faith* is recorded and praised; but if an Angel from Heaven should have preach'd to us any other Doctrine, contrary to expres Scripture, and natural Reason, namely, *To murther our Child*, our only Child, with our own hands, we should scarcely *have Faith* to believe the same to be *an Angel* of God, but a *Devil* more like; but good *Abraham* is praised for a strong Faith, and none of his Children, by his other Wives or Concubines, should be *Fathers of the Church*, but *Isaac*; nor any of *Isaac*'s Issue, but *Jacob* and his Twelve Sons; of which the eldest, *Reuben*, Cuckolded his own Father; *Simeon* and *Levi* were Murtherers, (the Priests and Levites came of a good Breed;) and *Judah*, that should Rule the rest, committed Adultery and Incest too, like *Lot*, with his Daughter.

Of these came the People of God the *Jews*, whom God chose *only*, of all the Nations of the Earth; and, if not the *worst*, at least, *The least* of all the Nations of the Earth, *Deut.* 7. 7.

All which, it seems, were never a Jot the better than the old drowned World; and though they 'scaped miraculously, yet they took not warning; for *Gen.* 8. 21. *The Imagination of man's heart was evil from his youth*; and it is so still? it was so in King *David*'s Time, when the *Israelites* were multiplied in Wickedness, as well as Numbers, so that *David* could not find an honest Man, no not one, *Psal.* 53. 3.

For even *David*, that is said to be a Man after God's own Heart, was *bad enough in all Conscience*, and such a Man of Blood, that Almighty God thought his *bloody hands* unfit to build him a Temple. Against the *Lecherous* hands of *Solomon* no *Caveat* was entred by God, which shows, that *bloody hands*, (though they have a Commission to vouch the Butchery) are *more odious* to Heaven than *Lechery*. Especially, when Murder aggravates the Lechery, as it did in *David*; killing *Uriah* with the Sword, for no other cause, but that he was his Cuckold.

Afterwards, in the *succeeding Prophets*, so *few* were the *honest Men*, that loved the *naked Truth*, that there was *none at all*, no *not one*, in the Holy City of *Jerusalem*, nor in the Holy Temple, neither *High-Priest* nor *Low-Priest*, neither in *High-Church* nor *Low-Church*, if you believe the Scripture, *Jer.* 5. 1.

Won-

Wonderful were the Deliverances of this bleſſed People of God, (of his *own Election* before all the Jolly Nations under Heaven) by many Miracles, Signs, and Wonders, forty Years together in the Wilderneſs. The Sea *gaped* to let them paſs, and then *ſwallowed up* their Enemies. And when they wanted Bread, God ſent them *Angel's Food* from Heaven, and when they thirſted, the hard Rocks open'd their Breaſts and *ſuckled them.*

But *Pſal.* 78. 11, 32. *They ſoon forgat his Works* (frail Memories, that could not remember a few days by-paſt) *for all this they ſinned ſtill.*

And, forſooth, not only *Moſes*, but his *Law* (though God was the *Emanuenſis and Penman* thereof;) and by a *Popiſh*, or *High-Prieſt-Plot*, with Pope *Aaron*, they made a ſolemn League and Covenant, on Conditions, that *Aaron* ſubſcribed to, ſo that he might be their Chief, and would make them a *God*, (like themſelves) a *Calf*, which the Bigots (like all other Superſtitious Bigots) worſhipped *with a Lye*, ſaying, *Exod.* 32. 4. *Theſe be thy Gods* (O Iſrael!) *which brought thee up out of the Land of* Egypt.

Some Hiſtories ſay, That this *croſs-grain'd* Crew, or, as Scripture calls them, *ſtiffnecked*, were ſo *Leprous* and *Scabby*, that the *Egyptians*, (partly by *Force*, partly by *Gifts*, on pretence of Borrowing) *thruſt them out of Egypt*, and no Nation under Heaven, would let them *come in* amongſt them, for forty Years together, excluding them, and thruſting them into barren Wilderneſſes, as into a Peſt-houſe, ſuch as have the *Plague*, or *Leproſy*.

But we find no ſuch thing upon Record in Holy Writ, only ſeveral *Receipts* for the Cure of *Lepers*, which were, amongſt the ſcabby *Jews* very numerous, and, as in ſome places in the *Weſt-Indies*, Epidemical and National.

A *ſhabby ſcabby Crew*, to be ſure, were the *Jews*, and ſtill are ſo, to this day; their Souls being as polluted as their Bodies, 'till their Sins were come *to the full*, and ripe for deſtruction, by *denying the Holy One*, Acts 3. 14, 15. and *killing the Prince of Life.*

Inſomuch, That forty Years after, when moſt of the Murtherers, as well as *Pontius Pilate*, were dead and gone, the Wrath of Heaven fell upon them in *Judea* and *Jeruſalem*, in

ſuch

ſuch diſmal Tragedies as are ſeldom *parallel'd* in Hiſtory: of which read *Joſephus*'s Hiſtory.

Some few *Jews*, ſome hundreds were Converted (after they had murthered the Lord of Life and Glory) by *Peter* and *Paul*, and the *other Apoſtles*: But the generality *ſpake againſt* thoſe things that were ſpoken by *Paul, contradicting and blaſpheming*, Acts 13. 44, 45.

Whereupon *Paul* and *Barnabas* alſo faced about ſaying, *Lo, we turn to the Gentiles.* And all the *Gentiles* and *Jews*, for forty Years after our *Saviour's Reſurrection*, at the Holy City of *Jeruſalem*, (juſt before its deſtruction by *Titus Veſpatian*) were contained in a neighbouring little Village called *Pella*. There was no occaſion then (as now, God wot, too much) about the diſtinction betwixt a *Presbyter* and a *Biſhop*.

St. *Peter* (in my Opinion) deſerv'd to *take the Wall* of any Archbiſhop or Biſhop in Chriſtendom, and yet he was a *Preſbyter* (as he ſtiles himſelf) 1 *Pet.* 5. 1. and St. *Paul* calls thoſe very Men *Presbyters*, whom the Holy Ghoſt had made *Biſhops* (or *Overſeers.*) What a pother then has been, and *ſtill is*, made by Ambitious *Prieſtcraft*, about the *diſtinction* of Offices, which the Holy Scripture, and the Holy Ghoſt makes *Synonimous*, and *one and the ſame.*

Kings, indeed, and *Popes* have been ſo kind as to *make* and *call* ſome *Presbyters* Lord Biſhops; but that ſhould rather make them *humble* than *proud*; and the more *good*, becauſe the more *great*: And *ſo much the more God's* humble Servants, and *the Kings*, by being *veſted* in the *Richer Liveries*, and *Lawn-ſleeves.*

Let Men but ſearch their own Hearts, and tell me truly, Is not *Prieſtcraft Pride* and *Avarice* at the bottom of theſe *Diotrophes* his Contentions, *loving to have the Preheminence?*

Of Pride comes Contention, ſays the Scriptures, and will not *Prelatical Pride* cauſe theſe *Eager and Vinegar* Conteſts? too *ſharp*, I fear, for an Apoſtolical and Goſpel Spirit. Is not a great part of this vile Earth *finely governed and guided* the while? Look over the greateſt part of the Earth (as I have done) and *Chriſtianity* ſignifies little, in compariſon of *Mahometaniſm* and *Heatheniſm.* And in *Chriſtendom*, how numerous are the *Adorers* of *a Wafer-God and Images*, having as many Saints to Worſhip (*He* and *She-Saints*) as the Heathens had *Gods and Goddeſſes*, whom both *Papiſts* and *Heathens* Worſhip; and it would be a

non-

nonsensical as well as *blasphemous* Adoration, if the Images be not *scient*, and the *Saints* that owns the *Rood*, *omniscient* and *omnipresent*, here, and in the *Antipodian Indies*: For it is *nonsence* to pray to a *deaf* or a *far-distant* Ear; and it is blasphemy to make *more* Gods than *one*, one *only omniscient* and *omnipresent* Being.

Is not this vile Earth then fillily guided and governed? nay, the present Pope, when the Tears of late trickled down the Cheeks of the Bigot, as he said his Beads or *Ave-mary*, (ten to one *Pater-noster*) before the Image of the Virgin, with her Babe in her Arms; which Tears the Virgin's Image did espy, or, at least, the *omnipresent* and *omniscient* Virgin herself espied those Tears; or, else the Pope was a weeping maudline Bigot, as silly as hypocritical.

But, to me, it seems improbable, that the old Gentleman, who is no *absolute Fool* neither in *other matters* (though certainly there's Witchcraft in Bigotry and Superstition, that has turn'd *many a wise Man* as well as *Solomon*, to *an Asse*) yet I believe not, that the Pope wept *in good earnest*, before an Image that his Carpenter did (according to Order) adorn with *Eyes and Ears*, useless both; certainly, the Pope cannot be so infallibly sottish as to imagine otherwise; if they be the Vigin's Eyes that *cannot* see, nor Ears that can hear. And if so, then the Pope wept (as the *Pharisees* prayed) only, *to be seen of Men*, that other Bigots might think that he believ'd what he preaches, and to be Chronicled in the *Gazettes*, and to Posterity, for *Folly* or *Hypocrisy*, or *both*. For if he wept in good earnest before his Idol, he should have rather *wept* before a *Wafer-God* of his own making, or, created by one of his *Shaveling-Priests*: Who, though they cannot give the *Wafer-God* neither Eyes nor Ears, yet, they can make it a *living Soul*, and an *omniscient God*, (if they do not lye in their *Hearts*, as well as *Tongues*) that sees all things without *Eyes*, and hears without *Ears*, and can *go*, though it has *no Leggs*; and yet, I never heard of *an Host*, or *Wafer-God*, that run away from a Mouse or Rat that came *gaping* to swallow it, and eat up the *Godhead* of *Christianity*) if we be so sottish as the *Papists* and *Jesuits*, and their *Priestcraft* or pious Frauds.

The Sect of the *Anthropomorphites*, is revived amongst the *Papists*, and amongst our selves too, fancying Almighty God

to

to be like a Man, a great Man of Might and Glory, ſitting like a King in Heaven, and to whom therefore thither they addreſs their Adorations to the *Eaſt*, and holding up their Hands and Eyes when they pray to him: Which is not amiſs, if it be done becauſe God reveals himſelf more in Heaven, than in Hell or Earth; but, to think that God is, in his Preſence, more in Heaven, than Earth, Air, Hell, or the Sea, is *unaccountable nonſence*: For Almighty God, as He is *omnipreſent*, ſo it is impoſſible, that He ſhould be more in one *ubi*, or place than another; or impoſſible to *move* or be *moved*; for to move is to go from one place to another, which is impoſſible for Omnipreſence to do.

The Papiſts make God to have liv'd from all Eternity a Batchellor, until the Bleſſed Virgin was Marriageable, and then he eſpouſed her, whom they call, *the Wife of God the Father*, and *Mother of God the Son*. But certainly that change cannot agree with the Divine Nature, which is neither *Male* nor *Female*, nor more a *Lord* than a *Lady*, nor more a *He* than a *She*, nor more of the *Maſculine* Gender than the *Feminine*.

Chriſtianity therefore is finely ſerv'd and obſerv'd, if the Papiſts be the moſt *numerous Sect thereof*, as the Jeſuits ſay.

Add to them the *Greek Church* of Chriſtians in *Armenia*, *Greece*, *Muſcovy*, &c. that dote upon St. *Nicholas* (as much as the Papiſts dote upon St. *Peter*) the Key-keeper of Heaven-Gates. Whereas I have ſet *them wide open*, for God's ſake, and wider than the Policy and Gain of *Purgatory* and *Prieſtcruft* can afford to allow.

The other Remnant of Chriſtianity is the *Proteſtants* of all Sects and Denominations; numberleſs are their Opinions, and as different from each other, curſing and damning each other to the Pit of Hell. And before they can thruſt them into the *Bottomleſs Pit*, they fairly *deliver* one another *to the Devil*, in this Earth by *Excommunication*; and then cut one anothers Throats for Religion.

Oh! happy Earth at this day, the Rendezvous of Devils Incarnate, that fight and brawl, and murther and conſume one another, till they are conſumed one of another.

If ever the Devil ſpoke truth, ſome think, it was when he ſaid, *Luke* 4. 6. to our Bleſſed Saviour, *ſhewing him, in a moment, all the Kingdoms of the World*, and ſaying, *All this Power*

will I give thee, and the Glory of them, for that is delivered unto me, and *to whomsoever I will I give it*. But the Devil is a Lyar from the beginning, and we know that God has not abdicated and abandoned all Power and Glory in this vile Earth to the Devil: Yet since a General Rule has some Exceptions, we must say, that some Countries are happy in Kings that are *Nursing Fathers*, and Queens *Nursing Mothers*.

Nevertheless, how few are these in comparison of some Potentates, that, like the *Turkish* or *Muscovy*-Government, and others that I could name (at lesser distance) whose *Wills* are their *Laws* and *Rules*, and make no more scruple of killing their Fellow Creatures, called, *Men*, *Women*, and *Children*, than they do of killing their Fellow-Creatures, called *Worms*, and *Nits*, and *Lice*.

Some Potentates, again, may be less Knaves, but more Fools than others; so that there is therein to the People a sad *choice*, to be devoured by *Knaves*, or defended by *Fools* that cannot defend themselves.

Is not this Earth then very prettily managed? Look into *Courts*, and the Poets will tell you,

Exeat Aula —— Qui velit esse pius ——

Then look into Courts of Justice, and Juries, and some will tell you, more than I am willing to tell you. How little are Oaths regarded, either by *Juries or Witnesses*? —— *So help them God* —— Do they make nothing of that Imprecation and Curse upon themselves, if they break their Oaths? It is too late to repent at last, when on their Death-beds; they call upon God to help them, when they have, by frequent Perjuries, *forfeited all help from God*; they and their own Consciences being Witnesses thereof. If I should rip up all other Professions in this Earth, this Bog-house, all Christendom over, the Stench thereof will be so offensive to the Reader, that I forbear any further to Anatomize the same.

Well therefore did our Saviour say (and I eccho) *Wo be to the World because of Offences*. Wo be to this nasty Earth, this sink of Perdition, this *Hell-before-hand*, or the *fit Preface* to it. Where the Wisdom of many is nothing but (as *Jam.* 3. 14, 15.) *bitter envying and strife* being *earthly, sensual, devilish*.

This

This *Survey of this* vile *Earth*, ſhews us the Folly of ſeeking or expecting *Content* in any part of it; the ſearch is but *labour in vain*, or *Vanity*, beſides *Vexation of Spirit* (at the diſappointment) into the Bargain.

I have been never the more diſcouraged at the vain attempt, becauſe *Solomon* tried ſo many Experiments; for, perhaps, I have not ſo great an Opinion of his *Prudence*, as ſome have of his *Knowledge*; for though he was a great *Naturaliſt*, or *Phyſician*, *Lapidary*, and *Herbaliſt*, inſomuch as the Scripture ſays, he was *wiſer*, that is, *more cunning* than the *Gypſies*, 1 *Kings* 4. 30, 32. and was a *Poet*, (ſo he might be, you'll ſay, and not over-wiſe neither) and made 1005 Ballads, and ſpake of Trees, from the *Cedar* to the *Hyſſop*, and of Fowl and Beaſts; yet what differ'd he from a *Beaſt*, or worſe, when his Wives and Whores made not only an *Aſſe of him*, but worſe, *an Idolater of Stocks and Stones*, as much as the preſent Pope *Albino*, when he wept before the ſenceleſs Image of our Lady, the *other day*. And for *Tyranny* (and, by the way, none are greater Fools than Tyrants) he almoſt equall'd the *Hector of France*. But yet (in ſpight of St. *Auſtin*) I hope he is in Heaven; but he made but an *indifferent Figure* upon this vile *Earth*, at leaſt in that little part of it called *Paleſtine*, or the *Holy Land*, not much bigger than *Yorkſhire*, abating the vaſt Wilderneſſes, a ſilly Spot in compariſon of all the reſt of the World, and to *give Laws to it*; at leaſt, little of the World gave any heed to that *ſhabby ſcabby Nation of the Jews*, the vileſt and moſt contemptible Wretches under Heaven.

2. This *Theory*, or, *Survey of the Earth*, may comfort you, as it has done me, if you meet with Injuſtice, Troubles, and Oppreſſion; I expect no other, *premonitus, premunitus, fore-warn'd, half-arm'd*. One removes from his City-Houſe to his Country-Houſe to avoid Trouble, and to the *Wells* and *Bath*; but all in vain, he muſt fly out of this vile Earth before he can *avoid* it; if he finds not Trouble *without Doors*, it meets him *within*, in ſpight of his Teeth, all precautions or preventions are in vain; for either Diſtempers in his own Body, or his Family, plagues him with *Diſeaſes*, and, which is worſe, with *Phyſicians* too; and is glad to pay them (as he does Soldiers) for plaguing and killing. Or if he 'ſcapes theſe, he meets either with a *whimſical Wife*, that will be ſick if ſhe go not to the

Wells; and ſick there too, except ſhe has the young Phyſician that knows her Diſeaſe. Or elſe he has a croſs, ill-natur'd, and worſe humour'd Wife, that will make his Heart ake, if he be ſuch a Fool as to heed her. Or elſe, which is worſt of all, ſome Mens Lot is to have a *fond loving Ape*, that is as tireſome and wearisome as a Wench that will be lov'd, *whether a Man will or no.*

Thus Troubles, like unwelcome Gueſts, whether expected or not expected (as *Job* 3. 26.) 'tis all one for that, yet come they will: But they are leſs welcome to a prudent Man, becauſe expected, and not unlook'd for.

If any thing in this Dunghil Earth be *Heavenly*, it is *Love* and *Friendſhip*, the only Graces exerciſed in Heaven by Saints and Angels.

Love and Friendſhip! Luſt and Deſign more properly ſtiled. For *Love* is only a *ſofter Name*, given by Men and Women, as well as by Virgins, to cover *Luſt*, even as *Charity covers a multitude of ſins*. Which is, beyond all contradiction, true and undeniable, becauſe, let the Woman know that the Man ſhe dotes on is Gelt, or otherwiſe frigid and unfit, by Diſeaſes or Age, to ſerve her Luſt, ſhe will ſpit in his Face, rather than ſuffer his loathed Embraces.

Luſt therefore creates *Love*, or rather, *Luſt* and *Love* are Twins, that *live*, and *move*, and are *born together*, *live* together and *die* together.

And as for *true Friendſhip* (abating ſelf-love) there never was ſuch a heavenly thing in this vile Earth, not habitable, (nor ever was) by Love, Friendſhip, or Juſtice.

The *Poet* therefore did the Earth too much right, when he ſaid,

Terram Aſtræa reliquit.

Of *Juſtice* Men are quite *bereft*,
Juſtice, long ſince, the Earth *hath left.*

Yes, ſhe is fled and gone, and all true Love and Friendſhip with her.

Friendſhip! a *Chimera*, a Poetical Fiction, a meer Romance; and but the name of a thing that ſhould be. Poets prate, and Painters

Painters describe a *Pilades* and *Oveſtes*; Fable all! Nay, Holy Scripture tells of the Sworn Friendſhip betwixt *David* and *Jonathan*, paſſing the *Love of Women*. That is not meant of the Love of Women *one to another*, for they, generally ſpeaking (whether handſome or unhandſome) uſually envy, deſpiſe, hate, ſlander, and back-bite one another; but the Love of *Jonathan* and *David* was paſſing the Love of *Women to Men*, which continues as ſtedfaſt, certain, and laſting, as the *Luſt is laſting*, (as is taught already) and no longer than *Self-love* (that begets all Love and Friendſhip) *laſteth*. Nor can it long be diſſembled, more than that of *David*, (whom *Jonathan* feared, and therefore ſtruck up a ſolemn League and Covenant with him, leſt he ſhould cut off his Poſterity) when the reſt of the Blood-Royal and Pretenders to the Succeſſion *eſcaped not*.

Nor did *Crippledom* altogether *ſave* poor *Mephiboſheth*; for though his Lame Legs skreened his *Head*, yet not his *Eſtate*; for *David* (for no Offence at all) bereft him of a Moiety thereof, and gave it to *Ziba*, that ſlandred and betrayed his Maſter: This *Judas* (by Treachery) moſt unjuſtly gained *the Pence*, but what became of *Juſtice* the while? and the aforeſaid *ſolemn League and Covenant*, that laſted *not ſo long* as the late *Scotch League and Covenant*; which is now as much *derided* and *laugh'd at*, as once it was moſt ſolemnly and nationally *ſworn*, by a Company of Bigots and Pieſtridden Sots.

Tantane Religio potuit ſuadere malorum?

Was it Religion that brought this to paſs?
Religion! no, (more like) the Devil it was.

How have we heard them *Cant it*? no Gypſies could outvy them, nor praiſe their *Egypt* more than theſe Bigots did their *England* and *Scotland*. Oh! the *Goſpel-light*, the *Revolutions*, the *Viſions*, the *Wiſdom*, the *Sermons*, the *Lectures* of *Hugh Peters*, roaring *Marſhals*, &c. bidding the *Devil take the hindmoſt*, that did not run in haſt to part with their *Jewels*, *Silver Spoons*, and *Silver Bodkins*, &c. as liberally as ever did the ſottiſh and ſuperſtitious *Iſraelites* with their Jewels and Ear-rings, and brought them to the Prieſt to make them a *Golden-Calf* (ſuch

was

was the *Scotch feud Covenant*) which they *adored*. And no sooner are we, *brutish Britains*, cured of *one* Frenzy, but we fall *into another*, or *worse*, if worse can be. A blessed Piece we are (then) at the *Fag-end* of this vile Earth; of which I have taken this short Prospect or Survey.

But from this *Ground* (thus already *surveyed*) we have a *fair Prospect* of the *infinite Mercies* of Almighty God, and the *infinite Merits* of our Saviour. For, if it be true, as saith the Scripture, that *the whole Whole lieth in Wickedness*, and is (in this Essay) particularly *observed*, then it follows necessarily, that it is the *Lord's Mercy that we are not consumed long ago*; nothing but *infinite Patience* could bear and forbear; nothing but infinite Love of *God* in *Christ*, which was reconciling the World unto himself, after such epidemical debauch, to be the Saviour of *all* Men, especially of *those* that believe.

Whence we learn that *Christ* is the *Saviour of all Men*, or, all Men have benefit by *Christ*'s Merit, more or less, and the least, *enough to save them* from Original Sin (by *Adam*) and from all other Sins of Weakness or Ignorance (if not supine) and humane Frailty. Nothing but wilful Sins, *against the light of Nature*, and the light of *God's Word*, can damn Men, now that *Christ* (the second *Adam*) is the Saviour of all Men that reject him not; for those that come unto him, *he will in no wise cast out*, John 6. 37.

This is no comfort tho' to *Debauchees*, *Atheists*, nor *Deists*; for though the *Heathen* and *Mahometans*, and those swarms that never heard of *Christ*, shall be saved by his Merits; yet, *hypocritical and debauch'd Christians* must not expect the Mercy they have rejected: their destruction is of themselves; for, *It had been better for them not to have known the way of righteousness, than after they have known it, to turn from the holy Commandment delivered unto them*: But it is hapned unto them according to the true Proverb, *The Dog is turned to his own vomit again, and the sow that is washed, to be wallowing in the Mire*, 2 Pet. 2. 21, 22. So that all the *Gospel-light*, *Sermons*, *Sermons*, we *prate* of, will but *aggravate our Punishment* at the Day of Judgment, if we (as undoubtedly I know to be true) *have our Conversations worse than the* Gentiles *and* Mahometans; who are so far from *Cheating* or (as we mince it) *outwitting*, or over-reaching that if you bid them (for example) *thirteen pence* for what they

ask

ask you *thirteen pence half-peny*, their Rage boils over, saying, *What, do you think I am a* Cheat, *a* Christian, *a* Villain, *or a* Jew?

Therefore, wo be to you *Chorazins* and *Capernaums*, wo to you *Christians*, that have *heard* and *seen* the mighty *works* and *words* of *Christ*, it shall be more tolerable for *Sodom in the day of judgment, than* for you, *Matt.* 11. 20, 21, 22, 23, 24. Wo be to you *Christian-Hypocrites*, superstitious *Bigots*, Priestridden *Sots*, that live in Envy, Hatred, Rancour, and Malice: This Wisdom *descendeth not from above*, but is *earthly, sensual, devilish*, Jam. 3. 14, 15, 16, 17.

For this cause, *the Land mourneth*; for this cause, *Christendom is deluged in Blood*, at this day, above and beyond any part of the Earth. And Christians *make no scruple* to cut one anothers Throats for God's sake, and for Religions sake, and a *Groat a day*: Christianity do you call it! The Devil is in them more like; for he was a *Murtherer from the beginning*.

For this cause, the whole Creation *groaneth and travaileth in pain together* (saith St. *Paul*, *Romans* 8. much more may *we* now say) because of the *Cruelty and Oppressions that are done under the Sun*, by *Men to Beasts*, by *Men to Men*: Behold the *Tears of such as are Oppressed*, and may they not *groan for a deliverance*; which is never likely to be whilst this Dunghil Earth (this Bog-house) lasteth; no, it wants *purifying*, by the *threatned* (I had almost said *promised*) Conflagration, to consume the *general filth*, and *save it*, yet so *as by fire*, at the *great Day*, which we joyfully expect every day, that there may be *new Heavens* and a *new Earth*, 2 *Pet.* 3. 13. wherein *dwelleth righteousness*. But our Saviour calls *Hell* the place prepared (not for *Heathens* but) for *Hypocrites*, the worst *Villains* under Heaven; their Voice is *Jacob's* Voice, but their *Hands* are the Hands of *Esau*. When *Bigots* (like Gypsies) begin to *Cant*, if you be wise look to your Pockets.

RE-

RECEIPTS

To Cure the Evil

In this wicked World has been many, very many, as firſt,

Laws { Divine in the { Old / New } Teſtament by { *Moſes.* / *Chriſt.* }
Laws { Humane by { Heathens. / Chriſtians. }

ALL to very little purpoſe; for no ſooner had God pen'd, with his own Fingers, the Ten Commandments, after he had brought the wretched *Jews*, *Acts* 7. 36. from the Houſe of Bondage, ſhewing *Wonders and Signs in the Land of Egypt*, and *in the Red-Sea*, and *in the Wilderneſs forty years.* And perfectly to cure them of the Evil, he ſent *Moſes* (the Magiſtrate) and *Aaron* (the Prieſt) *Acts* 7. 38, 39. with the lively *Oracles to give unto them.*

Before theſe *lively Oracles* or *Ten Commandments* were a day old, they (*firſt*) broke the Firſt Commandment, and *made a Calf in thoſe days, and offered Sacrifice unto the Idol, and rejoiced in the Works of their own hands.*

Then God gave them up to Worſhip *the Hoſt of Heaven*, and they took up the Tabernacle of *Moloch*, and the Star of their *God Remphan*, Figures *which they made to worſhip them*: Being, *Acts* 7. 37. ſtiff-necked, and *uncircumciſed in Heart and Ear*, and (always) *reſiſting the Holy Ghoſt*, as their Fathers did, ſo did they, and ſo they continue to this day.

Whereupon *Projectors* appeared in the World, that, ſince God and his Law, and true Religion would not do, they (as if wiſer than God, and more Holy than He) invented *new Superſtitions* (the product of their *Hypocritical Noddles*) called *Traditions* of the *Phariſees*, or Puritanical and Fanatical *Jews*, *making void the Laws of God*, to make room for their own *Bigot-Traditions*; thereby *binding heavy burdens* (not unlike our Fanatical

matical Superſtitious Bigots and Sots) *and grievous to be born, but they themſelves will not move them with one of their fingers*, Mat. 23. But, *all their works they do for to be ſeen of Men, making broad their Philacteries, and enlarging the borders of their Garments*, looking ſinfully, ſottiſhly, and grim, *and ſhutting up the kingdom of Heaven againſt others, and neither go in themſelves, neither ſuffering them that are entring to go in. Devouring Widows Houſes, and for a pretence make long prayers*, and Sermons, Sermons, Sermons, which are little elſe than vain Repetitions and *Cramboe's*, 'till the Sand in the Hour-Glaſs be run out; ſtealing printed Sermons, to reſcribble them, or, Turken'd, as uſually, to the worſe, and all to one and the ſame Tune: So that if Men and Women do not lye, they muſt ſay, after ſeven Years Apprenticeſhip to thoſe Harangues, they are not one jot more *Wiſe* or more *Holy*.

And how ſhould *Chriſt* proſper a *Mode* taken up, but not after *His*, nor *his Apoſtles faſhion*, who never took a Text but once, and then the *Sermon* that related to it, or the Paraphraſe upon it, was *ſhorter* than the Text: Therefore *ye ſhall receive greater damnation*, Mat. 23. 14, 15. *Wo be to you Hypocrites; for ye compaſs Sea and Land to make one proſelite, and when he is made, ye make him twofold more the Child of Hell than your ſelves. Wo be to you ye blind Guides.*

Thus, of late, the *Munſter* Fanaticks in *Germany*, called themſelves (as ours of late in *England*) the *Saints*, and the *Bleſſed Ones*, and the *Meek Ones*; and then kill'd or plunder'd every Man, Woman, and Child that were not as Mad as themſelves; and being asked to ſhow their Commiſſion for committing thoſe Outrages, Violence, Theft, and Murder, they pull'd their Bibles out of their Pockets, and *vouched all* they did from *Mat.* 5. 5. *The Word of God*, and of *Chriſt* was their Commiſſion.

Thus have I heard a *little Pulpiteer* preface his Harangue with ſtiling it the *Word of God*, moſt blaſphemouſly fathering his Nonſence and Fopperies upon God. By his Errors he may be a Doctor of an errable and fallible Church, (as is the Church of *England*;) but it is Impudence, as well as Falſhood, to make God the Author of Sin and Error, becauſe it comes out of a Prieſt's Mouth.

Bleſſed are the meek, for they ſhall inherit the Earth! Deliver your Purſe therefore, and come up and be hang'd; for all you have is ours, by *Chriſt*, and his Holy Word.

Mahomet, the great Prophet of the *Turks* and *Perſians*, never denied *Chriſt* and *John*; but, on the contrary, ſuffers no *Jew* to turn *Turk*, till he firſt turn *Chriſtian*. I know that ſome ſay, *Mahomet* deviſed that not in Piety or Devotion to *Chriſt*, but in Policy to keep the *Jews* (now their Slaves) from turning *Turks* by ſwarms; and conſequently Enfranchiſed and Manumitted, which would be a great loſs to the *Turks*. For the Idolatrous Adoration of Images, in Popiſh Chriſtendom, is ſo great a Scandal to the *Jews*, that ſcarcely one in an Age turns Papiſt, but thouſands turn to *Mahomet*, whoſe Diſciples and Proſelites are computed to be four times more in number than *Chriſtians*, of all Sects and ſorts, in the whole World. Not that his *Alchoran* is better or comparable to our Holy Scripture; but, quoth *Mahomet*, God ſent the Holy *Jeſus*, his Son, and a great Prophet, to convert the wicked World, but to little purpoſe, by *his Word*; therefore he ſent me to Convert the World by the *Sword*: So ſays the *Inquiſition*, and the *Pope*, and the *French King*, and the *Jeſuits*.

And when all is done, the Sword will prevail moſt, or elſe the Devil is in't.

For our Sermon-mongers, in this Age, have been ſo far from converting the Age, that no *Turks* or *Heathens* but are Saints and honeſt Men to us; that abound in nothing but Self-conceit, puffit up with Pride of our Goſpel-light and Attainments, but ſwell'd with Malice, Slanders, and Backbitings, *hated* of one another, and *hating* and *cheating* one another. A *Turk* would ſcorn to be ſo baſe.

So that though we Prieſts have got the Peoples Money by our Harangues, the only colour of true Religion left amongſt us, yet what good do the People get by them, more than the ſenceleſs *Ice* and *Snow*, to whom we pray and preach in the *Benedicite*, as enjoyn'd by Statute-Law, and to as good purpoſe as when we preach to ſenceleſs and unthinking Bigots.

To Pray and Preach, as in the Common-prayer,
To Worms, Beaſts, Fiſhes, *and* Fowls *of the Air;*
And to the ſenceleſs Floods, *and* Ice, *and* Snow;
To Stars *above, and* Mountains *here below;*
To the Prieſts *of the Lord, and* Ananias,
With their Comrades, Miſael, Azarias;
To Sun *and* Moon, *though they, perhaps, not hear us,*
And if they hear, *I fancy, they but* Jear us.
Winter *and* Summer *too hear what we ſay,*
One of you, tho', is abſent when we pray;
And in the Spring *and* Harveſt *of the Year,*
You, neither of you, deaf Gulls! *will appear;*
Yet you, *as much as Bigots,* Reaſon *hear.*

Has not our Predeceſſors, good Men, had a very low and mean Opinion of the Capacities of us, dull *Engliſh*, when they hand to us, at this rate, what we *ſwallow* without *chewing*; nay more, we receive all, not only with *Applauſe*, but loud *Huzza's* and *Healths* drunk to their Proſperity?

The *Pope* and his *Prieſts*, like the *Phariſees* too, finding the World to continue ſo wicked, in ſpight of *God's Law*, and *Chriſt's Words, Miracles*, and *Sacraments*: And the *Apoſtles* Doctrine would *not do* the buſineſs, at leaſt, *not the Prieſts buſineſs*, who had no Maintenance but *going a begging*, *Perſwaſions* and *Entreaties*, therefore they invented an Engine to kill two Birds with one Stone; namely, to make the Prieſts not only *very Rich*, but *very Proud*, and to *Lord it*, though *Chriſt* had expreſly forbid it, not only *one Prieſt* over another, and one Church over another, *High-Church* over *Low-Church*, and both, over *Kings* and *Nobles, Princes* and *Emperors*. But alſo make the *Laiety deliver their Purſes*, and their *beſt Lands* and *Territories* voluntarily, and happy was he could *firſt be rid on't*, ſince there was no *other way* to be ſaved.

The *Wafer-God* and *Purgatory* did this feat, and a thouſand lying Miracles and Legends to *vouch* the pious *Frauds*; nay, *Birds, Beaſts*, and *Aſſes* have opened their pretty Mouths to ſing *Te Deum* to their *Wafer-God*; and ſilly *Sheep* and *Goats* bended their Knees in adoration to the *Hoſt*, or *God* of the *Prieſt's making*; and the very *Bees* have made *Shrines* for this Deity

of the *Papists*. To the Truth whereof the Bigots will swear, murder, and fight, and die, rather than deny their *breaden God*; yet, notwithstanding, though the Laiety have not their *Belly-full* of Gods, at one time, yet they *bury* them in their *nasty* Guts, as many as they can get to eat. We laugh at the Idolatry of the *Egyptians*, in worshipping a *Cow*, and an *Onion*, because, forsooth, it makes the Beholders weep, as the Image of the Blessed Virgin (lately) fetch'd briny Tears from the tender-hearted Pope:

Oh! most devout Infallibility,
Stain'd with Infallible Idolatry!

In short, all the Receipts that *Priestcraft* has prescrib'd amongst *Protestants* and *Papists*, are *Remedies* far *worse* than the *Disease*; and are prov'd to be *defective*, to *Cure the Evil of this vile Earth*. So that the World is *not one jot* amended, since the days of the Prophet *Jeremy* 9. 3, 4, 5.

For (still) *They bend their Tongues, like their Bow, for Lies; but they are not valiant for the Truth upon the Earth; they proceed from evil to evil, and they know not me, saith the Lord.*

Therefore, *Take ye heed every one of his neighbour, and trust ye not in any brother; for every brother will utterly supplant, and every neighbour will walk with slanders.*

And, *They will deceive every one his neighbour, and will not speak the truth; they have taught their Tongues to speak Lies* (even in Verdicts, though upon their Oaths —— *So help them God,*) and *weary themselves to commit Iniquity.*

To prevent *Deceivers*, get a Committee to call *Receivers* of the *Publick Revenue* and *Grid Irons* to account. 'Tis done: What then?

Why, then displace them, and, in their rooms, put in *new-ones*. 'Tis done: What then?

Why, then face about, to the left, *just* as you were, with this difference, That an hungry Lowse bites keener than one already gorg'd.

But some may say to me, you have given us a melancholy *Prospect* and *Landskip* of this vile Earth (this *dirty fag-end* of the universe) and its Aches and Distempers under which it la-

labours and groans. But have you never a *Receipt* nor *Conceit* to Cure, or at leaſt palliate the aforeſaid *Deceit*.

To which I anſwer, —— Yes, yes, I have *one*, and perhaps more than one; but it is a *None-ſuch*, or (as Phyſicians Cant) a *Noſtrum*.

Come, tell us, in ſhort, what it is?

It is, it is, —— let me ſee —— Do not laugh, and I'll tell you, without a Fee: It is ——

A Tacking-Parliament (*if not too late*)
To mend the many *Holes in* Church *and* State:
So that they do not as the Tinkers do,
Botching, to mend one Hole, *do make us* two.

But (in good earneſt) not to leave the Reader in *deſpair* of Cure, nor to *baulk* my own Skill, I will give you *a ſhort* and *ſure Receipt* for the infallible Cure of the *Evil*, eſpecially the *King's-Evil*, in this unhappy Earth, and will make Men proſperous, ſucceſsful, beloved, and admired, and the favourites both of Heaven and Earth.

I had the *Receipt* from an *old Divine* that was a great *Stateſman*, as well as a great *Churchman*, and lived to be almoſt as old as my ſelf, and one of the beſt *Preachers* that ever adorn'd a *Pulpit*, and one of the ableſt *Politicians* that ever guided and governed the Helm of State, if his Advice be but followed. For he had a Tongue ſo well hung, that it pleas'd, as well as raviſh'd every Ear that heard it, whether he ſate on the Wool-packs, the Bench, or the beſt Seats in the Church, he deſerv'd them all; for he had an incomparable Tongue and Brain.

But here's the Devil on't, and that which, it is to be feared, carried him to the Devil, becauſe he did not practiſe what he preach'd: His Tongue and his Feet run counter; and, like a Skuller, he look'd one way and row'd another; not for want of Wit, but Grace; ſo that we muſt do as he ſaid, not as he did.

He was a great Author too, both in Proſe and Verſe, being both a good Orator, and a good Poet too; and withal (do not wonder) a very wiſe Man, having written three thouſand *Proverbs*, and a thouſand and five *Ballads* or *Poems*: His Maſter-

ſter-piece was that which (in ſome Old Engliſh Tranſlations) is called, *The Ballad of Ballads*, or, *the Canticles*, and the beſt Advice to a Son was this piece of Kingcraft, or Receipt to *Cure the Evil*, Prov. 3. 3. *Let not Mercy and Truth forſake thee.*

God is ſaid to ſit on the *Mercy-ſeat*; ſo ſhould all Magiſtrates, as well as Kings, if they will be like God. Fooliſh pity, indeed, ſpoils a City; but by Mercy is meant mild Juſtice. If the ſtrings of Juſtice be too ſlack, or, on the contrary, ſtretch to the utmoſt, till they break, the harmony is ſpoil'd.

Hence Parliament-Men and Judges need no other Tutor, and when Mercy has forſaken them, they have wrack'd the Veſſel they ſhould have guided, and themſelves too, by Oppreſſion, as did *Reboboam* and other Tyrants, following the Counſel of young Counſellors, (though, perhaps, old Men) and ruin'd the ſilly well-meaning King, by their raſh, violent, and head-ſtrong Advice, like that of *Sibthorp*, *Mountague*, *Manwaring*, *Laud*, and his Chaplains, young *Politicians*, like our *Highflyers*, all of them *old enough* to be *wiſer*.

Could there have been ſuch a Revolt as of Ten of the Twelve Tribes in *Iſrael*, and a *majority* in *England*; and alſo to leave the true Religion for *Jeroboam* and *Cromwel*'s falſe Religions, to believe ſuch Nonſence as to Worſhip Maggots, and Golden Calves, were they not firſt made mad by Oppreſſion, at the Inſtance and Advice of the raſh unthinking Counſellors, (not unlike *Oxonian* Highflyers) that, inſtead of Mercy, make ſpit-fire Harangues; and, to vouch the Folly, get a Licenſe from as wiſe a Vice-Chancellor. Are ſuch Religions, or Religious Men, a ſupport to Government? Have we not ſuffer'd enough already by *Highflyers*?

Hence they may learn *Moderation*, but unthinking *Highflyers* never learn, never *did*, never *will* take warning, 'till, like raſh *Phaeton*, they turn the World to a Flame, and bury themſelves in the Ruine. For by *Fraud* and *Force*, by *exceſſive Fines*, *Pillories*, *Burning in the Cheeks*, *Impriſonments*, and the like Oppreſſion, they with their *Jaylors*, *Bumbailiffs*, and *Hangmen*, make the People Mad; no wonder then that they rebel like mad, and fight like mad, and run a madding after any whimſy in Religion, to colour and hallow the ſubſequent Deſolations.

All

All which may be prevented, if Mercy and Truth forsake us not, *That we may have favour* (Prov. 3. 4.) *and good understanding* (better translated from the Originals) *good Prosperity and Success in the sight of God and Men*; and consequently be (in a great measure) *cured of the Evil* of this wicked World.

By reflecting on this *Survery of the Earth*, we may see what it is; It is vile, none good, save one, which is God, and *how it comes to be so vile*; It is natural to it to have drosse in it, as well as fine Gold, and Dunghils as well as Pearls.

Again, We hence may see the cause of Misfortunes, and the Discontents and Dissatisfactions of all Men here upon the Earth; the just and wise Providence making all our *Portions* and *Potions* to be either *Bitter-sweets* or *Bitter-draughts*. *Bitter-sweets*, because of the Root of Bitterness or Wickedness, naturally growing up with us and (consequently) troubling us. Sorrow always is the consequence of Sin; and when Sorrows come we may thank our selves, our vile earthly selves.

The Lecher has had (what he calls) his *Sweets*, but then wonder not at his *bitter Groans*, the consequence of Pocky-Bones. Thieves and other Rogues, may well hang an Arse, when *Jack Ketch* bids them, *Come up and be hang'd*, they may thank themselves for those *Bitter-sweets*.

The like may be apply'd to other Sins, and all other sinful Wretches, in particular; and to wretched Nations, in general. National Judgments are the natural consequents of National Sins.

But (may some say) some Rogues *'scape a scowring*, and some *Fools have Fortune*; I deny it: All have *Bitter-sweets* and *Bitter-draughts*, more or less, and more or less *wholesome*, never *Toothsome*; you applaud a Victorious General, but know not where the Shooe wrings him.

——*Bitter-sweets* — Rouges have that escape (which is but seldom) *the Gallows*: The fears (of being taken in their Sins) they live in, is more trouble than Death it self; living in perpetual Paroxisms; the Ague-fit is *Quotidian* and Incessant; living in Hell upon Earth, or Hell beforehand.

And, That *Fools are Fortunate*, ---Is a mistake, a Man by Villany, Craft, or Extortion, gets an Estate, but not thereby Quiet and Content of Mind. Perhaps he has no *Children*, no

Heirs

Heirs to his Eſtate; or, if Children, poſſibly they may prove to be (like *Solomon*'s Heir) Blockheads and *Rehoboams*. Or, Has the *Bitter-ſweet* of a croſs Wife, a wanton or ſickly Minx, diſtemper'd in Mind or Body, *or both*: Or, in a hundred ſuch Contingencies, of which every Man is his own beſt Monitor, to prove the Truth of the never-failing *Bitter-ſweets*; ſo juſt is Providence, or the Spirit that guides the Motions of this vile Earth. What ſignifies Wealth with Pain and Sickneſs; or, peſter'd almoſt as bad with the *Phyſician*.

But, may ſome ſay, why did not the wiſe God (or, which is all one) the *infinitely wiſe Nature*, create this Earth altogether pure, and of fine Gold, without any Droſs or Dunghil.

I anſwer —— That would be contrary to the nature of the Earth, and as unprofitable as unſutable: A Dunghil manures the Earth, and makes it fruitful; fine Gold is leſs uſeful than Iron, and good for nothing but to make Mortals fall together by the Ears, and butcher and worry one another. Probably the Inhabitants of the other *purer Orbs* (as the *Sun*, *Jupiter*, *Saturn*, *Venus*, and other more reſplendent and greater Stars) are more Divine, more Heavenly, more Spiritual (like their Manſions) than thoſe of this *dark* and dull *Sphere*.

For there is no ſuch thing in Nature as a vacuity, not a Leaf or Twig but is full of Inhabitants, greater or leſs, and more or leſs, according to its Nature and Capacity.

We *Earthly Mortals* (too) according to our *Earthly ſenſual Nature*, are more or leſs vile, and conſequently, more or leſs, unfortunate or miſerable.

But, perhaps, you will ſay *ſome always Sail* with a merry Gale, always have the *Wind in Poop*, and run right afore it; whilſt others *tug the labouring Oar*, and laver againſt Wind and Tide. It muſt be ſo, it cannot be otherwiſe ſometimes; but when the Wind ſhifts, (as it always does) the Fortunes of both are chang'd; therefore wonder not at the matter —— *In the day of Proſperity be joyful, in the day of Adverſity conſider.*

And why may not the Earth (and the Men on Earth) be vile to make them better by the *Bitter-draught* of Affliction and Repentance? If *Penitence* be more acceptable to Heaven than ſimple *Innocence*? as our Bleſſed Saviour ſeems to inculcate; there is *more joy in Heaven for one Sinner that repenteth, more than for ninety nine juſt Perſons* (where are they?) *that*

need

need no Repentance. However, we Earthly Mortals must be content with our Lot and Portions; namely, our *Bodies terrestrial*; but the *Bodies celestial* are in more divine and happier Orbs; this of ours is the *worst*, as well as the *lowest*. And I could fancy, (if that fancy were but agreeable to the *Philosophy* and *Physicks* of *Moses*, in the first Chapter of *Genesis*) that the other superior Orbs or Spheres, the *Sun*, *Moon*, and *Stars*, are of *far longer continuance* and *duration*, than this *mouldring*, *crumbling clod of Earth*, as being *moulded* and *made* of more lasting and better Stuff, and of a more solid Constitution and heavenly Complexion —— But —

Quæ supra nos, nihil ad nos.

How Affairs go in the High-Sphere,
Concerns not us (poor Earthworms) *here.*

But here, on this Earth we know our *irrevocable Doom*; every one, from the *Prince* to the *Peasant*, that is *born of a Woman*; may, by woful experience, set their Hands and Seals as Witnesses to the truth of that Scripture, *Job* 14. 1. —— 5. 7. *full of trouble*, and *born to trouble, as the sparks fly upwards*, that is, naturally.

Trouble *Arrests all* with a Writ called *Non omittas*: No Person so *sacred*, so *majestical*, so *victorious*; no place in *Court* or *Country* is *priviledged* or *exempt*.

But, *some Comfort still*; for, as the Vipers Flesh is an Antidote against the Venom of its Sting and Teeth; so Trouble, being our natural and unavoidable *Portion* and *Lot*, it is some Consolation to have good Company; *Socios habuisse dolorum*; no Temptation can befal us *but such as is common to Men*.

In your Patience then possess your Souls, your Troubles *will end*, or, at least *make an end* of you; in the *Grave*, there the wicked cease from troubling, and *there the weary are at rest*. Fretting and Anxiety cannot help you, *Why dost thou moan?* Why dost thou groan? either there's help, or else there's none. If Trouble come not one way, it will, it must come another way; if not from the *East*, then from the *West* at least; or some other Point of the Compass.

In this *Survey of the Earth* I have been *often* upon the ſearch, and the Grand Inqueſt, to find in *what place* of this Earth was ſcituated the *Garden of Eden*, or *Adam's Paradiſe*; plainly deſcribed in *Geneſis* 2. with its known Boundaries and Landmarks; whence flowed alſo four Rivers, *Piſon*, *Gihon*, *Heddekel*, and *Euphrates*.

The three firſt of them have run away with themſelves, have loſt themſelves; *Non ſunt juventi* —— only *Euphrates* ſtill keeps its Name and Channel to this day.

No skill in Geography, no nor the aid of any Travellers, no, not the famous Sir *John Mandevil*, nor mad *Tom Coriat*, that Foot-Pad and *Scotch Footman*, ever yet made any more diſcovery of the *Garden of Eden*, than of the *Head of Nile*, which I cannot find in the Mountains of the Moon; perhaps its Spring takes riſe from *Paradiſe*, which, I gueſs, was ſituated *above* the Clouds and its ſaid *Rivers* (like *Nile*) derive their Spring-heads from the Snow and Clouds: And juſt above the middle Region, I fancy, ſtands *Adam's Paradiſe*; and is the place, the bleſſed place whither *Chriſt* carried the good Thief, *Luke* 23. 43.

And is not this *Third Region* of the Air, ſo quiet, ſo ſerene, and above the Storms and Clouds of the Middle Region (like the *Peak of Teneriff* in the *Canaries*) that *Third Heaven*, which St. *Paul* alſo calls *Paradiſe*, a bleſſed place, and the Church of *All-Saints* and *Angels*; to which St. *Paul* ſays he was ſpirited *away*, to the beſt of his thinking, *Kidnap'd* as the Original, ἁρπάγη ſignifies, *Raptum fuiſſe in Paradiſum*, as the *Vulgar-Latin*, 2 *Cor.* 12. 2, 4.

In this *Paradiſe* grows the *Tree of Life*, which ſhall for ever cheriſh thoſe (and only thoſe) that overcome this vile World, the Fleſh, and the Devil, *Rev.* 2. 7.

In this *Paradiſe* St. *Paul* heard a Language or Speech ἄῤῥητα ῥήματα, (it is no Bull) which Speech was unſpeakable, that is, could not be *eccho'd* or repeated by Mortals; and therefore it could not be *Hebrew*, *Greek*, nor *Welch*, which, I fancy, was the primitive Language, in which the primitive *Dialogue* and *Conference*, betwixt *Eve* and the *Serpent* in *Paradiſe*, was firſt managed; and therefore the Language of *Balaam* and his *Aſſe*, in probability.

With which the *Prophet* muſt, as well as *Eve*, be familiarly ac-

acquainted, or elſe they would *both*, not only be at a loſs for ready Anſwers, but alſo have been ſtartled to hear a *Serpent* or an *Aſſe* ſpeak; which was doubtleſs a wonder, and to be wondred at, being ſo ſingular a rarity; but not ſo wonderful or unfeizable as to hear a Spirit ſpeak, having no Organs, no material Organs, of Tongue, Lips, Palate, and Teeth, without which it has puzled all Chriſtian Philoſophy, to reconcile the poſſibility of forming words articulate; but to Heaven nothing is impoſſible.

Let incredulous Deiſts (whoſe Faith is too coſtive, as the *Bigots Faith*, on the contrary, is too laxative and looſe) giggle and laugh at our eaſy Credulity how they pleaſe; yet, after all, I am no eager Champion for Credulity or Faith, without Ground, Groundſel, or Reaſon; for ſuch Credulity is more properly ſtiled *Folly* than *Faith*.

A Bigot Euclid's Elements *does defy,*
(Though Demonſtration *proves his* Faith *abſurd,*
And Logick *can afford it no good word,)*
Yet Faith can the concluſion deny.

Believing things becauſe impoſſible:
(As if Men were to the wiſe *God more dear,*
The more of fooliſh Faith *they ſwallow here.)*
Fools are in all things (except Faith) indocible.

Does God delude Men to believe great Lyes?
(No, God forbid! 'Tis fooliſh Zeal and Ire,
That dares to make of Truth a baſe Bonefire,)
Whilſt Mob *huzza's* Jack Ketch *his Sacrifice.*

In darker *Times, when Men for Truth did grope,*
(But now in Gospel-*Times, and Days of light,*
Old dusky glimmering *Truth does shine more bright)*
And every paultry Jury-man's *a* Pope.

Go fetch from Rome *the Pope's* Infallible Chair:
(Who, to find Truth, would so far roam,
When every Blockhead has it here at home?)
And place it (for Rhimes sake) at Westminster.

Some think that *Paradise* was turn'd topsy-turvy by *Noah's Flood*; but that cannot be, because *Moses*, that liv'd long after *Noah*, describes it by known limits; or otherwise it had been bootless to describe it at all.

Or, are the great *Jewish Rabbins* and *Talmud* good Guessers, when they make *Adam's Paradise* to be (like Mother *Eve's* Dialogue with the Serpent) an *Allegory* or *Parable*, not a *History*. If so (*I guess too*) I have found the *Moral*; for, was not *Adam's Paradise* a *Type* of the true *Paradise* inhabited by the *Pope*, and his *Priests*, his *Monks*, and his *Nuns*, who seem to be *exempt from the Curse*, pronounc'd upon all others of *Adam's* Race---- *In the sweat*, (not of their own, but) *of other Mens Faces do they eat Bread.*

Like the Lillies of the Field (as I once said before) *they toil not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.*

Having all the *Comforts* of Life, without the *Cares*, the *Fears*, the *Toils*, the *Hazards*, and the *Troubles* of Wives, Children, or Families.

The Merchant *plows the Seas* for them, and the Husbandman *the Earth*; and they fence themselves, and all their Goods and Lands with a Charm (that will not scare a Crow from their Corn) called *Sacrilege, Sacrilege*, a Bug that frights the Bigots, and all Mankind, except the *French* King and Deists.

This

This preſent Pope (tho') is glad to keep up an Army to help to fence from *Kendoſmes* and *Prince Eugenes*, and all little enough, the World is grown ſo hardy, they make no more of a *Pope's Bull* or *Curſe*, than a *Crackfart* (as Queen *Elizabeth* call'd it;) but time was when it did ſuch execution as made Kings and Emperors (trembling) on bended Knees beg Pardon of an angry Pope, and humbly kiſs his Toes.

But ſtill *Prieſtcraft* is not quite out of date, the *Pope* and his *Prieſts* can never want Money here upon Earth, nor Heaven *hereafter*; becauſe they keep an Inſurance-Office, to ſecure (*both*) to them and their Succeſſors for evermore, by never-failing *Policies* and *Funds*, St. *Peter's Patrimony*, and *Peter-Pence*.

An Art St. *Peter* never knew; if they be in debt, no *Catchpole Raſcal*, or *Bumbailiff*, dares arreſt them; no peeviſh or malicious *Judge* dares to ſentence them; no corrupt *Juries* fine them, or *find them* guilty.

Silver and Gold (St. Peter) he had none,
Chymiſts *avaunt; the Pope and Prieſts alone,*
Have got the Noſtrum, *the Philoſopher's Stone:*
Turn all they touch (as Midas *did of old)*
Sins, Sermons, Prayers, Maſſes, too, to Gold.
None need to pray, if they the Prieſthood pay;
The more Men ſin, the richer ſtill are they:
They turn Hell, Purgatory, Heaven to Coin,
Which none (for fear of Sacrilege) purloin.
If this be not the Earthly Paradiſe,
My ſearch is vain, I know not where it is.

Another Receipt, that I ſhall *preſcribe*, to make Men and Women *rub through* this vile *Earth chearfully*, is, in all Contingencies, to *ſay*, as *I ſay*, and *do* as *I do*.

I ſay, *It's well it's no worſe*; and whatever *offends mine Eyes or Ears, it never is permitted to go ſo low as my little Band or Cravat*; it never comes at my Heart.

Which

Which is one Cause (under God) that I have lived in this vile Earth so healthfully, so chearfully, and so long.

And to get Content (here in this vile Earth) practise these Verses of

CONTENTMENT.

Give me Retirement, and a Seat
Rather Contemptible *than* Great.
Contentment, if on Earth 'tis found,
Go look *it in some* little *Ground:*
For Crowds, great Business, and Attendance,
Pomp, State, long Trains, and great dependance,
Make such a bustle where they stay,
They fright Contentment *quite away:*
Much less (*where e'er* Contentment *lies*)
'Tis not in others Mouths, Ears, Eyes.
He that admires my pretty Shoes,
Yet, where they wring me, little knows.
Others to me Applauses *bring,*
And Joy *me; I find no such thing.*
Sycophants praise me to the Sky,
But whisper to themselves, they lye.
Another hugs me in his Arm,
(*Who can think* (then) *he means me harm?*)
By-standers saw him do me wrong,
He, o'er my Shoulders, loll'd *his Tongue.*
A wise Man in *and* to *himself can give*
Content, and nought can him thereof deprive;
God thus (*before the World was made*) *did live.*

Another

Another *Recipe*, I ſhall preſcribe, is, to take care you be not mock'd, deluded, cheated, or impoſed upon, meerly by good Words, and good Names, for vile things, and vile Actions in this vile Earth; callings, or rather miſcalling, *Love*, when it is nothing but *Luſt*: *Friendſhip*, when it is nothing but *Intereſt*: *Religion*, when it is nothing but *Superſtition*: *Faith*, when it is nothing but *Folly*: And *Fear* when 'tis but *vain*.

Firſt, I will Inſtance in

LOVE, *alias* LUST.

Have you not ſeen the Hounds ſo ſwiftly go,
With nimble Feet traverſing to and fro,
On a hot ſcent, with double Mouth they roar,
Eager to catch the hairy Puſs afore?
So Lovers would purſue their Game no more,
(Whether in Love with Virgin, Wife, or Whore)
Were it not for the little thing before.
The Woman Loves the Man, the Man the Woman,
Only to have their Buſineſſes in common;
Of which, when as they have no further need,
The Love *grows* faint, *when* Luſt *is* ſick *indeed.*
The Hart in Rutting-time grows raging mad,
But when his Luſt's aſſwag'd, grows tame and ſad:
'Tis Luſt *when Harts do Rut at* every *Hind,*
'Tis Love *when to* one ſingle Deer *confin'd.*
Luſt, *by the ſpell of Marriage comes to be*
A very lawful (*Licens'd*) Lechery.

Fine

Fine *Love*, foul *Luſt are* Twins, *or, near of kin,*
Together *end*, together *do begin*:
Betwixt them both *ſmall difference we find,*
Luſt *flies at all*, Love *is to* one *confin'd*:
Both live *together*, both *together* fly,
Both *are together* born, *together* dy.
No Man nor Woman e'er begun to Love,
Till Luſt *with wanton* warmth *their Loins did* move:
Which warmth, *when Age or Sickneſs* takes away,
The Love *with* Luſt *together does* decay:
Only dry Friendſhip *they perhaps retain,*
And Civil *to each other may remain.*
When Age *or* Sickneſs *are together met,*
The Rage *of youthful* Love *they quite forget.*
Luſt *is a fulſome* Pill; Love *gilds it*; *thence,*
Like Eve's Fig-leaf *it* hides *the* naked *ſence.*

A Friend of mine, therefore, that once had been ſuch a Fool, as almoſt to run mad for Love, upon his Converſion ſent me this:

Farewel to doating Love.

It cannot be, I ſhould be ſuch a Sot,
To groan for Laura's *hate: I have forgot*
(At leaſt) the Magick of her Ivory-Arms,
Her heaving, *panting* Breaſts *have loſt their Charms;*
I (unconcern'd) behold her ogling Leer,
And in her Mein *no Beauty does appear;*

Nor

Nor in her Ayre, *nor in her* Je ne ſcoy quoy,
All's but a ſenceleſs nothing, or, a Toy.
Her privy Love-ſigns, mix'd with forc'd diſdain,
Her jilting Nods, and wheedling turns are vain,
As her falſe Smiles, my ſtaggering Heart to gain:
I have (too long) with patience drag'd her Chain,
And now, am a bold Rebel to her Reign.
I glory in this bleſt Sedition,
Succeſs has ſanctify'd Rebellion.

Be not ſuch a Fool then, hereafter, to nick-name things; but, like *Adam*, give to things ſuch Names as ſpeak their Natures, and call *Love*, —— *Luſt*.
And, *ſecondly*, Call *Friendſhip*, —— *Intereſt*, or, *Self-love*.

Love *is this World's beſt Gem, and natural;*
There is no Love *but what we* Self-love *call:*
We love our ſelves, the reſt is Coſenage all;
No Love *can laſt except Reciprocal.*
One's *ready to run mad for his dear Love:*
Another *brags how true his Friend will prove;*
Nothing but Death can part them; (that's a Lye,)
If your Friend's Love once ceaſe, yours (too) will dye.
Parents their Children, Children Parents Love,
Only becauſe they love themſelves, I'll prove:
Let either's Love *but once to* Hatred *turn,*
The Love *then dies, although the* Loſs *we mourn;*
For Love *and* Friendſhip *are* Correlata,
Which mutuo ponunt ſe, & cætera.

Friendſhip, *whilſt Handmaid to* Self-love, *it pleaſeth;*
When it no longer ſerves our turns, *it ceaſeth.*

Unthinking Men (that conſider not the nature of this vile Earth) expecting Men ſhould be *grateful*, when they have been *bountiful*, upon diſappointment, vex themſelves, ſaying, If it had been an Enemy I could have born it; but thou —— my Friend —— my Son —— who can bear it with Patience? Who? Any Man may bear it; that is not a Coxcomb: It always *was* ſo, and, for ought we know, *will be* ſo.

Husband and Wife, Father and Mother, Parents, Friends, and Children, Siſter and Brother, when their ſeveral Intereſts claſh, are but the Names (the empty Names) of things that ſhould be.

No Man with Love *or* Friendſhip *can be bleſt,*
When they do thwart Self-love, Luſt, Intereſt.

And *Thirdly*, Call not *Superſtition*, —— *Religion.*

This, this *Superſtition* ſtur'd upon us, for *Religion*, has cheated, or, outwitted this ſilly World, by crafty Prieſts, and Prieſt-rid Stateſmen, like falſe Dice, they have put the *Doctor upon us*, and gull'd us to our Faces, as well as to our Shame and Loſs.

It was ſo in the beginning, is yet the ſame, and ever ſhall be, 'till the World be wiſer, and believe their own Eyes, their own Senſes, their own Reaſon, (the Soul's beſt Eye;) and not permit the Prieſts to hoodwink them, or put out their Eyes, as the *Philiſtines* did to ſilly St. *Sampſon.*

If Holy Scripture, and other authentick Hiſtories, did not confirm us, who could imagine, that when the High-prieſt *Aaron*, meditating Rebellion againſt his Prince that Ordain'd him a Prieſt, (and a chief Prieſt, and an Arch one too) and made a Golden Calf of the Jewels and Ear-rings, of which the *Jews*, or, *Jacobites*, or, *Cheats*, outwitted the Gypſies (as cunning as they were) and thereof an Idol being made, by the Arch-prieſt —— Muſt not thoſe Religious, or rather Superſtitious Coxcombs, be out of their little Wits to ſay,

Theſe

These be thy gods, O Israel, that brought thee out of the Land of Egypt, out of the House of Bondage?

But, not to fetch Instances from beyond Sea; Must not *English-men* (when Papists) be very silly, and the King and Parliament be very cruel, as well as ill advised, to burn at a Stake so many Innocents, because they could not believe that the Wafer (charm'd, or, consecrated by a shaveling Priest) was the God that made the World, and then eat and devour him; and (saving your presence) shit him out again?

King *William*, sometimes called in our Records, *William the First*, and *William the Bastard*, or, *William the Conqueror*, had Wit enough to get a Kingdom, but had not Wit enough to distinguish betwixt true Religion and Superstition.

Insomuch, as Sir *Richard Baker* (in his Chronicles) tells us, That a Covetous Bishop asking somewhat of the King, which the King did not think fit to grant, the angry Bishop curs'd him, and excommunicated him to the Devil.

Upon which the trembling King fell down upon his Knees, begging Absolution, but all in vain.

For the Bishop flung out of the Room, and left the poor Bigot kneeling, 'till the Nobles run after the enraged Bishop, and with much ado, and Promises of the Gain he demanded, they brought him back to the kneeling King, who could not be perswaded to rise 'till the Bishop uncurs'd him, or absolv'd him.

The Compilers of the Thirty Nine Articles of the Church of *England*, very wisely (therefore) in their Article concerning *Excommunication*, make the same *then* (and only then) to be of full force, strength, and virtue, *if* (ay, *if*) the same be *rightly administred.*

But *Excommuniation* can never certainly (and consequently not *rightly*) be administred, without that Gift of the Holy Ghost, called, *discerning of Spirits*; without which it is impossible that any Excommunication can be with *certainty* (or otherwise than by guess) *rightly administred.*

St. *Peter* had this Gift of *discerning of Spirits*, when he excommunicated, curs'd, or kill'd *Ananias* and *Saphira.*

And this Gift of *discerning of Spirits*, had St. *Paul*, when he excommunicated the Incestuous Person, and *Hymeneus* and *Alexander*, delivering them to the Devil for the destruction of

the Flesh, (that must be killing them) that by that Affliction their Spirit might be saved *in the day of the Lord Jesus*, the Day of Judgment.

The Pope and Popish Priests, therefore, never Excommunicated any, 'till they made Bigots believe that they had the Gift of *discerning of Spirits*, or, (which is the same thing) *Infallibility*.

But for a *fallible Church* to Excommunicate, (and then get some *easy Magistrate* to do what Satan used to do in the Apostles Days, for the destruction of the Flesh, in Jails, Prisons, and *Smithfield* Fires) seems to me unaccountable; as also unaccountable to the Articles of the *Church of England*, that vouches no Excommunications but when *rightly Administred*.

Of which I have a large Account by me, but this Hint is enough to caution this silly World, that they be not for ever Priestridden.

Nor, like *William the Conqueror*, and many Emperors, become Slaves to the *Priests*, grind in their Mill, and do their drudgery, in pain and peril (upon refusal) that shall come thereon, except they distinguish betwixt *true Religion* and *Priestcraft*, or, *Superstition*.

And, *Fourthly*, To cure this silly World, call not *Folly*, *Faith*. But all *Faith* is *Folly*, if Men believe and know not *why*, nor *wherefore*, they (*thus*) may believe any Religion, *Mahometism*, as well as *Christianity*.

Of which I have said enough in my *Character of Priestcraft*, and especially in the *Vindication of that Character*.

And shall here only add an *Epitaph* that fits the *Grave* and *Tombstone* of every *Pope* and every *Papist*.

Here lies a Popish Corps, *his* Soul *is laid*,
In a place which the Great God never made:
For Heaven, Hell, Earth, *from God their being take*,
But crafty Priests *did* Purgatory *make*,
To Reign therein for filthy Lucre's sake.

The

The laſt *Recipe* to make Life *eaſy* (on this vile Earth) is to Arm you againſt *Fear*, eſpecially the *Fear of Death*, whereby Men, *all their Life-time* are kept in Bondage; no Man can poſſibly *live* happily that wants

A Fence againſt Fear of Death,

ESPECIALLY

Againſt an Old Man's Fear of Death.

To ſee a Wretch with Age and Pangs worn out,
(*Yet ſhivering when he ſees his beſt* Phyſician
(Death) *that alone can cure his loſt condition.*)
I ſmiling write, who can forbear to flout?

The trembling Caitiff knows no reaſon why,
He runs *from what he can by no means* fly.
No Friends nor Money a Reprieve *can buy,*
Man was not born to live, but born to dy.

Stay till I ſharp my Pen another time,
(*I'll* goad *and* prick *the fillering Coward* on,
Until Death's Ague-fits *in him be gone,*)
Dreading Death's Darts leſs than my keener Rhime.

The ſilly Wretch has his excuſe at hand,
(*I fear not Death, only its conſequence,*
That terrifies the greateſt Men of ſence,)
The wiſe are nonplus'd and put to a ſtand.

You ſhould ſay, Fools are nonplus'd, ſcar'd in vain,
(The wiſe, which are but few, know better things,
They know the very worſt (of all) Death brings.)
Death is no loſs, but beneſit and gain.
Prieſts fright you (not themſelves) with Purgatory-Pain.
To make a further Fence I here forbear,
'Tis proper only for a wiſe-man's Ear;
Bigots unworthy are my Skill to hear,
For I have much to ſay they cannot bear,
To die like Men and Chriſtians without fear.

Laſtly, If you would live eaſy and free from Trouble of every thing (except an evil Conſcience) *turn Sycophant*; for the old Adage will ſtill be too true in this vile Earth,

Obſequium Amicos, veritas odium Parit.

Truth begets many Enemies,
But Friends are got by Flatteries.

You'll ſay I preſcribe this *Recipe*, as Phyſicians do (preſcribe) Receipts for others, which they never take themſelves; Witneſs my *Naked Truth*, *Ceremony-monger*, *Prieſtcraft*, and all my other Books; and witneſs this *Survey of this vile Earth*. So be it *Amen*. Still, I had rather be *Paradox-Tell-Truth*, than a *thriving Sycophant*.

I foreſaw and foretold the Enmity that would purſue me; and which I deſpiſe and ſcorn; for Night and Day I always wear my Armour of proof, *a good Conſcience*, my Fate in this vile Earth, (and *I joy in it*) and is not much unlike that of the Prophet *Jeremy*, 15. 10. *Wo is me, my Mother, that thou haſt born me, a Contentious Man, and a Man that ſtriveth with the whole Earth: I have neither lent on Uſury, nor men have lent to me on Uſury, yet every one of them doth curſe me.*

But

But Truth itſelf has aſſur'd us, That *the Curſe that's cauſleſs ſhall not come*: And ſome comfort in *Jer.* 15. 11.

Our famous Queen *Elizabeth* uſed to ſay, that her Reign was never ſo happy and ſucceſsful, 'till the Pope of *Rome* had ſpit his Venom at her, with his *Bulls of Curſes and Excommunication*, (which, in juſt contempt ſhe ſtiled, *The Popes Crackfarts*.

The Pope's Crackfarts? Which brings to my mind the *Crackfarts of Doctors Commons*; of which (in this *Survey of the Arſe of the World*) if I had been forgetful, my *Survey* had been very defective in its Mathematicks and Calculation.

Yet you muſt know, that though I have a *Hogen Mogen* veneration for the *Church of England*, yet I am very cautious of taking her word, or truſting her any further than ſhe brings better vouchers than her ſelf.

Becauſe ſhe begun (at her firſt ſetting up to be a Church) with a curſed Lye in her Mouth: And got a poor innocent Babe of Nine Years old, (King *Edward* VI. for the Crown, it ſeems, does not always put Brains into the Heads of thoſe that juſtly wear it, the more's the pity) which, with the aſſiſtance of an unthinking, (to ſay no worſe) and Prieſtrid Parliament, committed the Sin that brought to death *Ananias* and *Saphira*, for that *they lied not unto Men only, but unto God*: Fathering the *Dirges, Prayers for the Dead*, the *Common Prayer-Book*, (which they called the *Maſs*) upon the Holy Ghoſt; whereas it was only the *Pope's Brat*, and a *Changling*, with which the Prieſt's went a begging for God's ſake; and prolling for Money to eſcape *Purgatory*, by the help of ſo many *Maſſes*, and ſo many *Wafer-Gods* ſwallowed into the Bargain.

And *Paul's* Steeple (in the Reign of *High-Church*) was not much *lower* than St. *Peter's* at *Rome*; I have taken the dimenſions of *both*; but I will Inſtance, at preſent, only in our *Church of England's Excommunications*, call them *Crackfarts* if you pleaſe, I mean, ſo far as they are not vouched by God and the King, and Parliament.

Yet theſe *Crackfarts* have impriſon'd and plagu'd *Engliſhmen*, and made a *horrible noiſe* and *ſtench*; and no (ſeeming) Law of *God* or *Man* to be *ſurety* for their good Behaviour.

As for example; a *Sell-Soul Regiſter*, in his Maſter's Name, the Commiſſary or Official (by the way, that's one *branch* of

Popery)

Popery) citing the King's Subjects, and yet *not in the King's Name*, expreſly contrary to the Statute, (the neceſſary *Proteſtant-Statute*, if the King be Head of the Church) a Statute which was never yet judicially decided in *Weſtminſter-Hall*, whether it be in force; a Statute, which I have proved (as yet unanſwerably) to be in force: If ſo, dear Friends of *Doctor's-Commons*, look to your hits, and have a care of a *Premunire*; I adviſe you as a Friend, and without a Fee, which is more than you will do for me.

But to make an end of this long, but neceſſary and very pertinent Parentheſis, I ſay, this ſame *Sell-Soul-Regiſter*, cites a Church-warden to take his Oath, and pay him, in pain of being ſent to the Devil, and the Jayl, by the Bull of *Excommunication*: Whereas the Church-warden knows all this is but a *Crackfart*; for if he does *ſwear*, he knows he muſt go to the Devil for being *forſworn*; as all thoſe are, that take that enſlaving and enſnaring Oath.

For refuſal whereof he is Excommunicated, but againſt the meaning of the *Thirty Nine Articles of the Church of England*, becauſe the Excomunicarion was not rightly adminiſtred, but *errante clave*, St. *Peter's* Key was turn'd the wrong way.

Notwithſtanding, next comes the *Excommunication*, under Seal of *their Court*, (not the *Kings-Arms* in the Seal as the Statute enjoins) and ſent to the little *Domine Curate*; (poor Man) he muſt deliver his own holy Lay-Elder to the Devil, as the *Sell-Soul-Regiſter* Commands; or, upon refuſal, to be ſent alſo to the Devil, anathematized and accurſed.

Forty Days after publication, comes the *Significavit* of the Biſhop, who (good Man) knows nothing of the matter, more than the *Man in the Moon*, except by *implicit Faith* in the honeſty of *Sell-Soul-Regiſter*.

Whereupon, in courſe, from *Chancery* and *King's-Bench*, comes out a Writ *De Excommunicato Capiendo*, which, *ſo*, is awarded by the ſaid Courts, not only *without* Law, but expreſly *againſt* Law, in that Caſe made and provided.

For the *Chancery* and *King's-Bench* have no Authority nor lawful Power to award the Writ *De Excommunicato Capiendo* at this day, except for cauſe or contempt of——*Uſury*, *Perjury* in the Eccleſiaſtical-Courts, *Simony*, and *Sodomy*, or *Adultery*.

And if any of the Queen's Subjects be taken and impriſon'd by her Writ, *De Excommunicato Capiendo*, when it is iſſued out illegally (as ſometimes it is) then the Judges are commanded by the Statute, to deliver the Priſoner, except he be excommunicate for *Uſury*, *Perjury*, *Symony*, or, *Sodomy*, or, *Adultery*.

In an Age you ſhall not hear that any of the former Sins are proſecuted; ſome poor Whore only, that either has no Money, or will not part with it for *an Abſolution* at *Doctor's-Commons*, may perhaps get a white Sheet at her back, by lying in forbidden and unlicens'd Sheets.

However, Trading runs very low, at this day at *Doctor's-Commons*; and I am ſtill of Opinion, that Thouſands are now alive, that ſhall read over the Gates of *Doctor's-Commons*, this Advertiſement, —— *This Sell-Soul-Houſe is to be Let.*

Some will ſay, This is a bold ſtroke —— I think not, nor bold enough, nor ſo bold a Blow as I can give them; and they deſerve it, for daring ſo often to abuſe that Ordinance of God, *Excommunication* —— illegally and not rightly adminiſtred; nor the Writs *De Excommunicato Capiendo*, not rightly iſſued out; or, the Biſhop's *Significavit* by *implicit Faith*, not mentioning (cauſe or contempt of) the Sins aforeſaid.

Eccleſiaſtical Perſecutors might go hang themſelves, if they did not *ſtretch* a Commandment, for which they *ought to ſtretch* —I know where.

Oh! the Miſchief they have brought to Mankind!

No body pities an *old Pick-pocket*, when he goes up *Holbourn-Hill* to *Tyburn*; but rather ſays, *Let him go and be hang'd, he has beggar'd many a Family.*

I will not ſay ſo of *Doctor's-Commons*; but this I'll ſay, that if any of them have extorted Money *without* Law, and *againſt* it, by *illegal Fees* and *unlawful Power*, they are *old Pick-pockets*, to the undoing of many a Family, a Man and his Heritage; and ought to ſuffer according to their Merits.

If therefore theſe ſame *Spiritual-Courts* be not *God's Courts*, nor the *King's-Courts*, whoſe Courts are they? or, *who the Devil* (thus) manages them to plague Mankind?

You debauch'd Sons of the Church, that Drink her Health, if you have any Conſcience in you, now is the time; let it paſs, drink away.

For ſhe is very crazy and ſick, I hope not at the *laſt Gaſp*

tho', but lamentably *indisposed*, and out of *frame*: She has been *in ill handling*, by Empericks, pretending with their Mountebank Tricks, to *mend* or *patch* her up; but they began at the *wrong end*, and forgot to mend the *Groundsel*: I can tell you where too.

Dogged *Men* snarl *at what is just and right*,
Showing their Teeth, *but* (muzzled) *cannot* bite.

In all *Kingdoms* and *States* (ever since *Aaron's Rebellion* against the Prince that made him a Priest, ordain'd and consecrated him) all *Kirks*, as well as in *Scotland*, would gladly (like Oil and Skum) be uppermost, and swim on the top: And be independant of the Crown, and stand on their own bottom, though it be a very crazy one, God knows, (and I have shown;) therefore it is also that here in *England* still, in spight of this Statute, they will send out Process against the Queen's Subjects, not, as all other Writs, in her *Name* and *Seal*, but *their own* Name, Arms, and Seal.

This is a dangerous *Relict* of *Popery* and *Pride-Prelatical*, which pretends to be so near ally'd to Heaven, 'tis irksome to them to stoop to any *Prince* or *State* upon Earth: No, no, Princes and Emperors must kneel to Popish Pride, and hold their Stirrups; *Ego & Rex meus*, as the proud Priest (that Butcher's Son of *Ipswich*) used to say of King *Henry* VIII.

Ever since Aaron, *the* First Priest's *Sedition*,
Priesthood *was taint with* Lucifer's *Ambition*;
Title deriv'd from Heaven, from Hell 'tis known,
Rome, England, Scotland *this great Truth must own*,
Setting the Mitre *up above the* Crown:
No State can thrive that keeps not (*the* Kirk) *down.*
When Rome *conquer'd the World, subservient*
Was their Great Pontiff *to their* Parliament.

But

But ours, *many times, for want of Care,*
And Wit (like Balaam's Asse) *Priestridden are;*
Tamely permitting a proud Priest to ride them,
And the False Prophet to beat and bestride them;
For Church-Pride *does infect* not one, *but* all,
And mixt with Rage (*when cross'd*) Eudemical,
Witness their swaggering (burnt) Memorial.
Thus the proud Priests of old *would rule the Roast,*
And be the uppermost whate'er it cost.
Priests make their claim *to* Rule *from Heaven and Hell,*
They never were oppos'd but they rebel.
Passive Obedience *when the King does ease them,*
But Holsters and Jack-Boots *if he displease them.*
And then they'll fight as if the Devil were in them,
And Excommunicate you without fail,
And Pray, and Curse, and Cant, and Preach, and Rail.
The High-Priest *and the Devil* (*Leagu'd with Hell,*)
Did against Moses *and their* God *rebel.*
Moses *breath'd Veins to cure the Priesthood's hate.*
Holland *was thus made* High and Great *of late.*
Kirk *should be* in, *but* not above *the* State.
The Laws of God *Men fear not to defy,*
But the Priest's Nonsence *they dare not deny.*
Shall Bigotism *true* Religion *taint,*
And darling Superstition *spoil the Saint?*
Is not this Earth *debauch'd, an* Asse at least,
To be so long bejaded *with the* Priest?

What a plague and a pother has and ſtill does *rage* and *kill* all Chriſtendom over, by vertue of thoſe two good words —— *The Church* —— *The Prieſts*.

This plague did begin, and ſtill continues to be a *Church-plague*, and a *Prieſt-plague* at *Rome*: Where the *Church* and the *Prieſts*, (put them together) increaſed in Miſchief, Blood, Fines, Impriſonments, and other Perſecutions, (like Devils Incarnate) proportionably as they increaſed in Power and Numbers, and could wheedle ſilly Magiſtrates and Princes *to worſhip the Beaſt*, or, *Antichriſt*.

And all other Churches and Prieſts are this Beaſt, *this bloody Beaſt*, or, *Antichriſt*, whether in *England*, *Scotland*, and elſewhere, that, like *Mahomet* and the *French* King, carry on their Prieſtcraft by Force and Arms; whereby this vile Earth is ſo plagu'd (I cannot give it a better word) at this day.

Bleſs us! That ever Men and Magiſtrates, that pretend to have Reaſon, to diſtinguiſh them from *Apes* and *Aſſes*, ſhould be thus fatally *Prieſtridden*, to the ruine of *themſelves*, as well as to the ruine of all Mankind: *Themſelves* for certain; ſuch *Fireſhips* always burn *themſelves*, and but *ſometimes* the *Enemy*.

And what's all this for? why, forſooth, for the *Church*, the *Church*; and no Man alive, *can*, *dare*, or ever *did* tell me, what is the *Church*, the *Church*, which *Fuddle-caps* remember ſo oft *when they are drunk*, and cannot tell *what*, or *who* are this *Church*, when they are *ſober*.

He is a *Schiſmatick*, or a *Heretick*, or a *Traytor*, that makes the *Church of England* any other, *or leſs*, at this day, than the *Queen*, *Parliament*, and *all her good Subjects*.

This great Truth I *have* and *can* maintain, againſt all *oppoſition*: And if ſo, *High-Church* and *Low-Church* are Terms of diſtinction, without a foundation, and then there's an end (without any further Projects to unite us all) of all our Diviſions and Diſtractions (*ſo violent*) at *this day*.

The Church of *England*, and the Kirk of *Scotland*, *France*, and *Ireland*, are *all one*, and *one Body*, united under *one Head*, the Queen of *England*, *Scotland*, *France*, and *Ireland*, or *ſhould be*; nay, *are*, except thoſe that are Rebels, and do not own her Crown.

But,

But, say you, they have *different Modes* of Worship, and their Religions and Superstitions vastly differ; How can they be *united then?*

To which I will give a *plain and full* Answer, namely, *well enough*; they are all united by that *Heavenly Act*, the Death of *Antichrist* and *Priestcraft*, the Act of *Toleration*.

If Men will not go *my way to Heaven*, I say, farewel, *God be with you*, a good Journey to you, go your own way; 'tis at your own peril, that's all, *To his own Master he stands and falls.*

Ay, but the *High-flying Priests* are mad, stark mad, raging mad, because by that Act they are *muzzled*, and how keen soever, cannot bite for their hearts.

Ay, *hic labor, hoc opus est* —— Here's the source of all our *Miseries, Feuds, Memorials, Libelling Pamphlets*, against the *Queen* and *Government*, that muzzle all the biting Dogs, and bloody Dogs; therefore they *grin*, and *bark*, and *howl*, and are *stark mad*.

A pack of Priests, that would have all the sway
Over Mankind, but know not to Obey.

But, may some say, truth it is, such *threatning Memorials* against the *Queen* and *Ministers of State* are, if not *Treason*, yet worse than *particular Treasons*, because they may *infect* the Kingdom *all over*, and, like the *Great Wind*, when Heats and Animosities abound, they both *nourish* and *extend* the Flame, till City and Country are on fire. And is there no Remedy?

Yes, yes, If a Law was but speedily made against those Libelling Pamphlets and Pamphleteers, with a severe Penalty: And make some *Trusty Trojan*, as some *wise Bishop*, or, his *wiser Chaplains*, Overseer of the Press, with the aid of a *Trusty Roger*; or, *Robin Hog*.

Ay, *now* you have *hit it*; but *Trusty Roger* is dead and gone. Very true; but the Bishop and his Chaplains are yet alive: Very well! *God bless them*, and long may they *live*, and *thrive*, and *grow rich*.

But *that Remedy* has been tryed, to little, very little purpose; nay, 'tis *worse* than the *Disease*; 'tis worse and greater

nonsence than the Pope's *Judex Expurgatorius*, as well as a most *Impudent Imposition upon all Mankind*, as well as upon God Almighty and the Holy Ghost.

As if God were confin'd and oblig'd to give his Gifts of Light and Knowledge to none, but *to whom* the Parliament appoints and directs him, namely, *the Bishop and his Chaplains*, that, perhaps, are neither *older* nor *wiser* than you or I.

But the *Remedy* against those evils of the Press is *very easy*, if the *Press* be open to none, upon a severe Penalty, that do not also print the *Author* and *Printer*'s Name, and Residence, and Quality; and no spiteful, *first and last Letters of a Name*, which (like white Powder) does execution, yet making no noise, and in the dark, 'tis difficult to *prove*, whence, or *against whom*, the shot is *made*; and consequently the Assassine or Muderer of Reputation, for want of *plain* Evidence, escapes *Conviction*.

Does it become a *Magistrate*, who is the *Minister of God*, and that should not bear the *Sword in vain*, tamely to stand *still*, whilst every impudent Pamphlet *makes a blow* at him, and with *impunity* whips him smartly? An Asse would scarce bear it patiently without a kick.

A *Whip* and *Lash* is of great and necessary use to *slash Offences* and *Offenders* that *debauch* this *vile Earth*; and the smarter the better. But brave Patriots, as they are the most useful of all Mankind, so they, above all things, *under Heaven*, should be beloved, protected, and ador'd.

In short, to set the *whole* Matter in a *true* light, our Saviour *Christ* was *meek and lowly*, true and just, *Heavenly-minded*, and *kind to all Mankind*, even to his Enemies, Gainsayers, and Dissenters, *good*, like his Sun and Rain, to the *just and unjust*: and his Kingdom was *not* of *this* World.

Even so *Christ*'s true *Church* and *Churchmen* are the *Low-Church*, made up of Meekness, Moderation, Lowliness, Brotherly-kindness, even to *Gainsayers*, *Enemies*, and *Dissenters*, and *Heavenly-mindedness*; their *Portion* not greedily *gaped for* in this vile Earth, nor their felicity in *Pride*, *Pomp*, *great Places*, to domineer in this *World*, like the *Princes of the Gentiles*.

But, on the contrary, the Church of Antichrist, and *Popish-like* Church is *high and lofty* in *Pomp* and *Pride*, *Earthlimindedness*, and, like the Devil and the Pope, claims all the *High-places*, of

of the *Earth* and the *glory* of it, as *a Peculiar* to them and their Debauch'd Followers, their *Gang* and *Drunken Topers* that Drink her *Health*, in hopes to go Snips with her in all Offices and Places of Power and Domineering.

And, to that purpose, are made up of superstitious Lyes, and *Priest-craft Forgeries* (the *Pillars* of the *High-church*) and derived from their Father, the *Father of Lyes*;

And like their Father (*the Devil*) are come down in *great Wrath* because (they see) their time is short;

And therefore they are for the *short-ways* in Spit-fire Sermons and Harangues, in Bullying and Traiterous Memorials, raging like the Devil, and raving, like Mad, or like a keen, fierce and bloody Mastiff, to be unmuzzel'd, unchain'd and let loose, (by Act of Parliament, or force of Arms, or French-aid, to do as much mischief as their dogged ill *nature* (in spight of Hypocritical *Principles*) or the *Devil* can prompt them to.

Is *this* the Church of *Christ*, or of All-Saints? oh Blasphemy! no, no, God forbid.

Is *this* the Church of *England*; oh Blasphemy! no, no, God forbid.

But it is the *High-Church* of Antichrist, and of the *Beast*, and the bloody *French-Church*, and Popish-like *Church*. And deserves therefore to be called the *Devils Church*. *In nomine* (not *Dei* but) *Diaboli*, in the Devil's Name; and ought to be called *Apollyon* (the Devil's Name) *the Destroyer*, or *Persecuter*.

For *in Her* (Revel. 4. 14.) *was found the Blood of the Prophets and of the Saints, and of all that were slain upon the Earth.*

Therefore, *Go out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her Sins and also* (Consequently) *of her Plagues.*

Such High-Church *has the Devil for her Father,*

Is this the Church of Christ? (*of* Devil) *rather.*

Thus the *Devil* and the *major part of the Clergy*, and false Prophets, 400 to one poor *Micaiah*, in the wretched King's time (having Poyson'd the King's Ears, with buzzing into them

them) their Lying and highflown Politicks, to that poor King's Ruine!; To Arms——To Arms, cry those vile Trumpeters——*Go up to Ramoth-Gilead, and prosper.*

And the King, *to his Undoing*, and the *loss* of his *Life*, took their Advice, by the Devil's Aid in being a lying Spirit in the Mouth of all his Court-preachers and Sycophants; (was not the Devil *in* them, when they had him in *their Mouths*?) Thus *Ahab* was wheedled by lying Priest-craft——*To go up and fall at* Ramoth-Gilead.

'Tis true——*Micaiah* had better have held his tongue, for they Fed him, for his Naked-Truth, *with the Bread of Affliction and the Water of Affliction.*

As it was then, Has it not been so since? as the Scripture says, and is apply'd most properly in our Case, without wresting, being first spoke by St. *Paul*, 2 *Thes.* 2. 10, 11, 12. concerning the destruction of Antichrist——*In all deceiveableness of unrighteousness, among them that perish, because they received not the* (naked) *Truth in the love thereof, that they might be saved: And therefore God shall send them strong delusions that they should believe Lies:*

That they all might be Damned, which believed not the Truth but had pleasure in Unrighteousness.

Be Damn'd! That's part of their Common Prayer, Morning and Evening in the Tavern, when they Drink their Church's Health, as long as they can stand; and when so Drunk as they cannot stand, yet they can Curse the Dissenters, and Damn themselves.

A precious Crew to guide and govern this vile Earth, and the High-Places thereof, to Monopolize to themselves, when the *Jaques* is a place too good for some of them, Nasty Brutes!

That *Vessel* is not far from a *Wreck*, when none but such Debauchees are suffer'd, *by unthinking Tackers*, to be in the *Steerage.*

Thus it was when little *Laud*, a great Bishop tho', and a great Persecutor, and as hot-headed and exceedingly mad against *Christians*, as ever (once) little St. *Paul*, when he *Imprison'd and Beat* them in every Synagogue, as many perhaps as little *Laud Imprison'd, Fin'd, Pilloried, and Cropt their Ears*, when he Reign'd at *Court*, in the *Star-chamber* and *High-commission-court*;

How

How do ſhort-ſighted Bigots *long* for a return of ſuch Bleſſed days, to glut their Fury, their Malice, Avarice, and Revenge? Oh Bleſſed Church of the Meek *Jeſus*!

But, the very *Heathens* ſaw the Providence of Almighty God, when they ſaid

Quem Jupiter intendit perdere, dementat prius.

When Jupiter *has doom'd a Wretch to Dye,*
He makes them (firſt) mad to believe a Lye.

Was little *Laud* (Biſhop) in his little Wits, when he would venture the *Defection* and *Loſs* of the Kingdom of *Scotland*, rather than forbear Impoſing a Common Prayer Book and Ceremonies, of his own Crafty Invention?

How fond are ſome Men of their *Brats*, though they be little better than *Changlings* and *Deform'd*?

Let me hear no more hereafter of *Forty One*, *Forty One*, except you alſo mention the *Highflown Politicks* of *Laud* and his *Chaplains*; poyſoning a well-meaning King's Ears with fatal Lies, as that the King was Abſolved and let looſe from Rules of Government, then follows Illegal Taxes, exceſſive Fines, Impriſonments, and other Oppreſſions, 'till the People *Roar'd* again, (I well remember it) and then they were *Whipt* for *Roaring*;

At length, Oppreſſion made them *Mad* —— in *Forty One*, *Forty One*. And the *Iriſh Papiſts* Maſſacred 200000 Men, Women and Children, and in *England* more Blood and Treaſure were loſt then ever ſince it was a Nation; by ſtrugling for Life and Liberty, as *Engliſh* Men and Chriſtians; and never 'till the Reign of King *William* III. ſecured to us.

Now we ſtand on our true bottom; none are in Danger, nor Oppreſſed, and therefore no danger or fear of a Rebellion by the Diſſenters, except they be rob'd of what is their due by the Law of God, of Nature, Right, Reaſon, and the Law of the Land.

The High-flyers Oppreſt, the Ceremony-mongers Impoſed their Maggots. Thoſe days, thoſe Whipping days are done, and the Rods are burnt.

And not a Man in the Kingdom uneaſie at the Government, Queen and Miniſtry but the *Papiſts* and *Non-Jurors*, that deny and will not own Her Majeſty's Title to the Crown, the beſt Title that ever was in the World to a Crown; the choice of the People, ratified by the Law, with reſpect nevertheleſs to the Royal Deſcent; which ſhould be always Paramount, except in ſome Invincible Emergencies, as Lunacy or Madneſs, or being ſo Mad (which is a Madneſs beyond any in *Bedlam*) to be ſo rank a Fool and *Papiſt*, as to adore, in ſpight of Sence, Reaſon, and the Firſt Commandment —— a Wafer for a God; and then eat him up and devour him, and all Men and Women too, that are not as Mad as they. There is no living under ſuch a Prince.

But, beſides the *Papiſts* and *Non-Jurors*, that are *Frenchified*, (ſome may ſay) the *Memorial-Men* —— calling themſelves —— *The Church of England*, and the *Tackers* herd with them.

All now Aſſociate together, and ſeem by their flocking together to be Birds of a Feather.

But, I think not; for Tacking (generally ſpeaking) is neither a new thing, nor an ill thing, but ſometimes neceſſary in Arbitrary and Illegal Reigns.

Nevertheleſs, in moderate and juſt Reigns, to make compariſons with baſe and enſlaving Projects and Deſigns in former Reigns is odious, and abominable, meriting ſevere Animadverſion.

Eſpecially, ſince it is well known, that the Queen's Implacable Enemies —— the *Non-Jurors* and *Papiſts*, ever ſince the Tack, hang all of a String; now we know who and who's together.

Now we know who are Loyal Subjects, and who for St. *Germains*, and the *French*, and the *Papiſts*.

Go reconcile Fire and Water, God and *Beelzebub*, or any two contraries in the World, as ſoon as thoſe two Titles to the Crown.

Or to unite a *Papiſt* to the Queen as Head of the Church of *England*; when the *Papiſt* muſt firſt ceaſe to be a *Papiſt*, and renounce

renounce the Devil and the Pope, as Head of his Church. Two Heads in a Church is monſtrous, and one too much.

And it is impoſſible for a Non-Juror to be Loyal to the Queen, becauſe he keeps his Loyalty in reſerve for another, diſowning her Title to the Crown; which no Government but ours ever winked ſo much at, in all my Reading: Queen *Elizabeth* and her Father *Henry* VIII. would have taught them better Manners. *Hah?*

Except an Army ranged in Open Field, in Rebellion, what can be more Traiterous than by a Hectoring *Memorial* in open Print, and *Vindicating it*, threaten the Miniſtry, and point at them, and telling them that they muſt expect to Smart for it, when *Nature* can bear no longer with that old Pretence of the Church of *England* —— *Paſſive Obedience.*

Which is as much as to ſay, you muſt expect to be Aſſaſſinated, as was plotted againſt King *William*, becauſe of his goodneſs, meekneſs, or moderation;

And was practiſed againſt King *Charles* II. coming, as ſome think, to an untimely end, becauſe more moderate, cool, and leſs a *Jehu*, than his Succeſſor.

He was Poiſon'd, as a Biſhop told me, and I *dare* ſay, that he neither *will nor dare* deny that he told me ſo; but, what grounds he had for it, I did not enquire.

This is certain, his Brother, King *James* II. was fitter to execute the fiery, fierce, and ſevere Councils of the *Jeſuit*, Father *Peters*, *Dada*, &c.

But he drove too furiouſly, and run too faſt to hold it;

Becauſe his Daughter will not give Ear to violent Councils and Highflown Projects (the very ſame that were buzz'd into the Ears of Her Grandfather and Father, to their undoing) but rather Imitating God Almighty (whoſe Vicegerent She is) and whoſe Sun Shines upon the Juſt and Unjuſt;

Therefore, and only therefore, theſe Brutiſh and Cruel Natures are *Mad at Her and the Miniſtry*, and moſt Inſolently and Traiterouſly threaten to make them *Smart.*

Is this the *Paſſive Obedience* of the Church of *England*? Is this *her Memorial*?

Paſſive Obedience, when the Queen does eaſe them,
But Swords and Jack-Boots when She dare diſpleaſe them.

Bleſs us! what (amendment) would theſe ungrateful and unthinking Wretches be at?

They have the beſt places in Church and State, except the Queen's Obedience to *them and their high-flown Politicks*, which ruin'd her Father and Grandfather.

And yet (methinks) ſome allowance may be given to the *Tackers*, more than to the *Non-jurors* and *Papiſts*, the declared and profeſſed Enemies of the Queen, her Crown, and Dignity. For though the Miſchief had been the ſame if the *Tack* had carried it; yet their Ends (I think in my Conſcience) were vaſtly different.

Moſt, if not all; but I believe all the *Tackers* abhor *Popery* and *Slavery*, as much as we do; but blinded with revenge againſt Diſſenters, and ambitious to have all the ſway, and for want of ſecond Thoughts, were merely drawn in by their *now* great combined Darlings the *Non-jurors* and *Papiſts*: Neither ſeeing nor remembring, that King *James*, when he put the Biſhops in the *Tower*, cared not one Farthing for the *Church of England*, nor any Fleſh alive (though his own Fleſh and Blood) except they turn'd *Papiſts*.

And before King *James* put the Biſhops in the *Tower*, he told me poſitively, in the *Little Park* at *Windſor*, amongſt other Diſcourſe for an Hour together, in the hearing of *no Fleſh alive*, except *our ſelves* and the Earl of *Rocheſter*, (then Lord Treaſurer,) That *no Man could love him truly, that did not love his Religion.*

Wo be to you then unthinking *High-Church* and *Tackers*; for tho' you could not have oblig'd the *French* King, and the *Germans* more, nor have ruin'd *England*, nor the Confederacy, nor the Queen's Title to the Crown, more than by *Tacking-Projects*, to ſham all Aid to ſupport our Navies and Armies: Yet, except you had intended to have gone through-ſtitch, and turn'd down-right *Papiſts*, no *Popiſh-Succeſſor*, nor any *Papiſt*, nor any *Non-Juror*, would care a farthing for all the good Deeds you had done for them, but you muſt be all *Refugees* and Martyrs in *Smithfield*: poor unthinking and ſhort-ſighted *Politicians!*

Thus have I ſeen a keen Maſtiff ſnap at his Maſter's Fingers, that muzzl'd him and chain'd him up, and would not let him looſe to worry the innocent Sheep, or Bull.

When

When indeed if he had humour'd his rapacious Greediness to be worrying, he would thereby endanger his Bones and Limbs, if not his Head, by being toſt worſe than a Dog in a Blanket.

To apply it then; And what's the matter that *Spit-fires* bawl in the *Pulpits*, and bark ſo loudly and impudently in the *Preſs*, and ſnap at the Fingers and Hands that feeds them (fat enough in all Conſcience) the Queen? by ſnarling at the Miniſtry, thereby biting indeed *Her Majeſty*: For what cauſe, I pray'?

Why? Becauſe (and only becauſe) that Hand that feeds them, and chains them alſo, and muzzles them, they cannot tug, and lug, and worry, as *Nature* would in ſpight of *Principles*.

Good Hearts! and well-meaning (but ſhort-ſighted) Bigots! Has not the *Inquiſition* loſt *Holland* for ever to the *Crown* of *Spain*, and the *Mitre* at *Rome*.

And the Pope cannot, if he ſhould hang himſelf, do *Popery* ſo much miſchief, as his *Inquiſition* and *Perſecution* has done to it.

It has almoſt diſpeopl'd *France*, and beggar'd it: It ruin'd *England* by Civil and Bloody Wars, in the Dominion of little *Laud*, by the Star-Chamber and High-Commiſſion-Court.

And ſuch a High-Commiſſion-Court at the very *Exit* of King *James*'s Reign, haſtned his Abdication, and the Death of that bloody Lord, and perſecuting Judge, *Jeffries* —— the Famous.

And yet, if I had the Tongue of Men and Angels, 'tis labour in vain to endeavour to open the Eyes of a *Jacobite*, or Bigot, as to waſh a *Blackamoor*.

Oh! ſays the *Jacobite*, we, we, are the only true *Trojans* that reſtor'd moſt Loyally the Royal Family, and King *Charles* the Second.

There is no Man that talks thus impudently falſe, but knows he lyes in his Throat when he ſays ſo. *You*! *you* reſtore the Royal Family, *you* betray'd the Royal Family by your Cowardice and running away, when you ſhould have fought like Men for the Royal Family: *You* run like Sheep and Goats up and down the Hills and Mountains of the High-lands of *Scotland*. Have I not ſeen you skud, when ten (Rebels as you call us) ſeldom fail'd of purſuing a hundred ſuch as you;

roar-

roaring and crying then for *Mercy, Mercy, and Quarter*; as now you roar and howl for Revenge againſt the Diſſenters, becauſe of —— 41, 41.

Alas! they are all dead that fought then of both ſides: Ay, but their Children are alive: Yes, ſo they are, and are the moſt of them *Highflyers*: And I, whoſe Father at *Aberford* near *York*, was twice plunder'd and once ſequeſtred for being a *Cavalier*, (as *Tories* were then called;) for which he never got a Farthing recompenſe: And I, his Son, taking warning by his Harms, fac'd-about to the ſide that was uppermoſt, taught by Self-preſervation: Can you blame me?

You may then be aſhamed, if you have any ſhame in you, to trumpet, like old *L'Eſtrange* —— 41, 41. when he himſelf was a Fidler to *Oliver Cromwel* the Rebel, in 41, 41. a fatal Year for high-flown Politicks, and Oppreſſions, and Grievances, intollerable and not to be born in 41, 41. And the Rebels, as you call them, under the Conduct of my brave General Monk, *reſtor'd* the Royal Family.

And, in requital, you would have us depriv'd of our Liberties, as Men and Chriſtians, when we are (let me hear if you dare deny it) as good Men, or better, at leaſt more Loyal than your ſelves. Alas! you are mightily miſtaken, when you are drunk, drinking your Church's Health, you think the Earth turns round.

But when you are ſober, you fooliſhly imagine, that it ſtands ſtill. Alas! alas! the Tables are turn'd, and *our Men* are the *Loyal Men* to the Crown; but you, with your ſpitfire *Oxonian* Sermons, and *Short-ways*, and *Memorials*, abuſe Her Majeſty, threaten Her Miniſtry. You muſt be mad, or elſe you would never be ſo mad as to turn Perſecutors, and Gore at this time a day, when the Peoples Eyes are open'd, and your Horns (becauſe they are cut) are ſhort.

I confeſs I have been warm upon you, but not a jot too warm: Your inveterate Ulcers muſt be ſearch'd and lanc'd to the very bottom, to the quick, nothing but ſharp Corroſives can correct the dead Fleſh.

And, for a farewel, look to't, for Perſecutors, like *Fireſhips*, always burn themſelves, and but ſometimes *the Enemy*.

Princes that wed one Party, *do far worſe,*
Than they that give the reſt *Bills of Divorce.*

THE

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CONCLUSION,

Wherein is a *Scheme* of all Religion { *True* and *False*.

BY the Premiſes it appears, That this *vile Earth has* been, and *is* ſo much the more *vile*, by being plagu'd with *Religion*, when it warps to *Superſtition*.

True Religion (of which you may find *the total ſum* at the *foot of this account*, or *Survey*, is the *beſt thing* in this vile Earth, and *the only thing* to quell and cool all the Heats, Animoſities, and Wars all the Earth over.

But as the *beſt* Wine *corrupted* makes the *keeneſt* Vinegar, ſo *Religion* turn'd to *Superſtition*, by the *Prieſts* and *falſe Prophets* (when the *evil Spirit*, or *lying Spirit* (the Devil it is) poſſeſſes their Mouths; thence comes Wars and Fightings among you, and all manner of Plagues.

This is a *great Truth*, but few Men (if any) that ever was born in this vile Earth, have had *ſuch opportunities* to prove and diſcover *the ſame* as my *ſelf*. I ſpeak it not *in Vapour* (far be it from me, having no deſign, aim, nor need of any thing in this vile Earth, but the good of Mankind, and its peace, being ſeated *on high*, far above the Charms of *Preferment* in this vile Earth.

If wiſe *Solomon* knew *more* of the Vanity and Vexation of *this vile Earth* than *I*, it muſt be by *Revelation*; for he lived not upon this vile Earth ſo long as I have done already, by almoſt twenty Years; nor ever travell'd out of little *Paleſtine* (his native Country,) except, perhaps, he went a wooing into *Egypt*, to *Pharaoh*'s Daughter: But I am of Opinion, that he was

wiſer

wiſer than to go ſo far for a Gypſy, when he had Wives and Miſſes, more than a *good many* at home.

Enow, in Conſcience, to make
The Wiſeman's brawny Back to ake.

But, (without Oſtentation) Truth muſt Evidence, that *Solomon* (though unſpeakably *Wiſer* than I, yet) never had the *opportunities*, the *Landskip*, the *Proſpect*, the *Long Age*, the *Travels*, to ſurvey the Vanity and Vexation of this vile Earth, and make *Experiments* thereof, and Inſtances, that Providence has given me.

In the *Baltick Ocean*, where I have been, I had opportunity to diſcourſe of, and conſequently be acquainted with the moſt *Northern-Countries*, under the *Tail* of the *Little Bear* (in Heaven) as, *Denmark*, *Norway*, *Lapland*, *Finland*, &c. The Lieutenant Collonel of the Prince of *Sax-Lunenburg* his Regiment (with which I and my Company were firſt Muſtered in *Holſtein* in *Germany*, being equal in number to all the other Ten Companies in that ſhatter'd *Regiment*) gave me many opportunities to underſtand the *Manners and Religions* of the *Laplanders* and *Finlanders*, for he and his Soldiers, were moſt of them *Laplanders*.

And on the other ſide of the Globe, beyond the Equinoctial-Line, and under the Tropick of *Capricorn*, I have had opportunities to ſurvey this Vile Earth, in its general Vileneſs, and Debauch; and the reſult of all is this, namely;

Who brings the Devil amongſt the *Laplanders*? why, their *Drummers*, or *Prieſts*.

Who brings the Devil amongſt the *Gentiles*, *Heathens*, or *Indians*? why, their *Peei's*, or *Deviliſh Prieſts*.

Moſt of the Heathens and Gentiles of this Earth have *no Religion*, and as they are the honeſteſt and live the moſt quietly, peaceably, and amicably, and conſequently, more happily, amongſt themſelves and neighbouring Countries; let any Good Man then give me a Reaſon why, in all Countries where there are Superſtitious *Peei's*, or *Prieſts* of the Devil, there is nothing but Wars and Fightings among them, and cutting of Throats; The *Peei's* of one Country being *Diſſen-*

ters

ters in the Ceremonies of their *Deviliſh Devotion*, from the *Peei's* or *Devils Prieſts* of another; yet, *Idolaters* all.

In the 8, 9, and 10 degrees of Southern *Latitude* and under the *Tropick* of *Capricorn*, is ſcituate one of the greateſt Iſlands of the Earth called, St. *Thome*, very Fertile and happy, but that the Inhabitants are divided (the *North-part* from the *South-part*, about the very middle) with conteſts about Religion, (forſooth!) And yet the major part of their Worſhip is Heathenish and Idolatrous: For, both parties Worſhip moſt Zealouſly and Devoutly an *Elephants* Tooth; but, there are a couple of Teeth, and different one from another, but both parties will Swear and Lye and Dye (Martyrs) for the Divinity, (one) for the Southern-Tooth, the other for the Northern-Tooth, and both (dropt) from Heaven, they ſay.

But all the rational and moderate Men of the Iſland (which are really the greateſt party, but make the leaſt ſhew, becauſe they Smile behind the Curtain, but if they venture to ſpeak a word againſt the *Divinity* of *either Tooth*, and call it (as it really is) the *Tooth of the Beaſt*, and the *Falſe Prophet*, and the meer Invention and *Changeling* of the Crafty *Peei's*, or Idolatrous and Superſtitious Prieſts begetting; then, they are cenſured by *both* Parties as Sacrilegious pullers down of Holy Church, being *Irreligious*, *Deiſts* or *Atheiſts*; though they believe in the Great God that made the World, and ſhall Judge it too: The Magiſtrate never ſided with either Party, but it was his Ruine, and therefore taught, by woful experience, grew *moderate*, and only deſired to *keep the Peace*, and make *both Parties* keep it.

Somewhat like this Iſle of St. *Thome* (for *ſo* it is *known* in *Maps*) is this great Iſland of *Great Britain*, the *Northern* are generally for *Presbytery*, the *Southern* for *Epiſcopacy*; both at *Daggers Drawing* for their *own* Opinions; one, for a *few great Heads* to beſtride and guide them, the other for a *Pope* in every *Pariſh*.

Whereas the *Moderate* Men, the *Rational* and the *Wiſe* look upon their *Contents*, (in Sermons, Sermons, Pulpits and Preſs to be nothing but *Goats Wool*) *Fomented* and *Fermented* by the Avarice and Pride of Prieſts.

One would Monopolize *all* the High Places of this Vile Earth to *themſelves and Partizans*, and the other are *not ſo Celeſtial* and *Divine*, but they ſcramble hard for a ſhare in *this Earth*, as *Vile* as it is, and they care not how great a part

of it comes to their ſhare, notwithſtanding all the noiſe of *Heaven*, *Holyneſs* and *Divinity*, their Bottom and Groundſel is *the Earth*, the Earth. 'Tis a pretty *even lay*, which is the *Beſt*; others ſay, thoſe *Madcaps* are the *worſt* that *threaten* the Magiſtracy for *Moderately* curbing their fiery Career.

But hang Choice; both Parties make ſuch *Diviſions*, *Heats*, *Bloodſheds* and *Deſolation*, that (tho' the *true Religion* unites Men) theſe falſe *Superſtitions* deſtroy all *Peace* (where they come) being fill'd with, *Envy*, *Rage* and *Strife* againſt all that *diſſent* from either *Party*.

And *where Envy and Strife is, there is Confuſion and every Evil Work.*

The Church is In *but not* Above *the State.*

This Verſe ought to be written *in Letters of Gold*, and ſet over the Doors of the *Parliament-houſe* and *Council-Chamber*, when they go to conſult of *Church Affairs*, or, the *Church of England.*

Which always has been *good Subjects* to our *Kings*, ſo long as our Princes were their *Humble Servants*, and pleaſed them, that is, gave them chiefly their Ear, and all the beſt Places; *Eſpouſing* them with ſuch conjugal Love as to *Divorce all* the Reſt of their Subjects, that were *Diſſenters from the Holy Church.*

Thus, the generality being Oppreſt, the King and Kingdom was Undone.

Why then, by theſe harms the Queen, taught by *woful experience* of her Predeceſſors, She *Steers* betwixt *Scilly* and *Charibdis*, and enough to do, to avoid the *Rocks* on one ſide, and the *Quickſands* on the other.

For, if She will not give her Ears to be Poyſon'd, as were Her Predeceſſors, with *Highflown Politicks*, and her *Sceptor* guided and over-ruled by *Prieſtcraft*, then *Nature Rebels againſt Principle*, as in the late *Hectoring Memorial*, farewel —— *Paſſive Obedience* —— good Night —— give me *my Jack Boots* —— and *now* look *to thy Houſe, David.*

All this is but the ſecond part (to the ſame Tune) of the *Guelphs* and *Gibellines* —— and of which I have given abundance of Inſtances in the Characters of *Prieſtcraft*, which I ſhall not here repeat; the whole Peace and Happineſs of all Princes in Chriſtendom depending on this Maxim; *The Church is* In *but not* above *the State.*

The *great* and *Flouriſhing States* of *Europe* (that are *Papiſts*) are *Venice* and *France*, and of *Proteſtants* —— *England* and *Holland.*

Whilſt *Venice* were ſuch *Bigots* as to dread the Popes *Excommunication*,

munication, their Ambaſſador muſt be (like *Dandalus*) with a Chain about his Neck like a Dog, under the *Popes* Table, whilſt the *Pope* and his Miſs winked at one another, when the poor wretch howl'd Blaſphemouſly, *Domine Deus Papa, miſerere* —oh Lord God Pope — Mercy, Mercy, Mercy for God's ſake.

Afterwards when the *States of Venice* had learned more Wit, by *little St. Paul* (that was his Name that was the Author of the moſt excellent *Hiſtory* of the *Council of Trent*) like the true St. *Paul*, a poor little *Crooked Fellow*, but a wiſe *Papiſt* (a Miracle in thoſe days) but he made many wiſe Proſelytes ſince, *the States* of *Venice* and *Kings* of *France*, amongſt others. For when Pope *Paul* V. Excommunicated the *States of Venice*, about a Trifle, and commanded all *Prieſts* to ſhut their *Mouths*, and ſay no *Maſſes*, *Baptiſms*, &c. and ſhut up their *Hands*, by handing no longer their *Wafer God* to their Mouths; whereupon the *States* Starved the *Prieſts Mouths*, taking their Livings from them, and giving them to the *Poor*, the *end* for which they chiefly were at firſt given to the Church, as the Holieſt and ſureſt Conduit-pipe to convey it to the *Mouths* of the Poor and Needy, the Widdows and Fatherleſs in their Affliction, (the only pure Religion, of Church-men.) But, theſe *greedy Cooks* have not only licked their own Fingers, but ſwallow'd all (*greedy Guts*) the *Poor* gets not a Bit; but, this Church is grown Rich and conſequently *Proud* and *Highflyers*, inſomuch as if any Princes or State dares diſpleaſe them, that is, not give them all the *High Places*, *Sway* and *Power*, then Nature Rebels againſt Principles, *look to thy Houſe* —— *David*. But, truly, the *States* of *Venice*, when the *Prieſts* would give them *no Pater-noſter*, they would give the *Prieſts* — no *Penny* So that the *Prieſts* fell to *Praying*, and *Preaching*, and *Maſſes*; and all of them except the Sworn *Janizaries* of the *Pope* — the *Jeſuites* —— for they are ſo vaſtly Rich in all Countries, that they can never Starve in any Countrey. But, you will ſay, how durſt the *States* of *Venice* do this, leſt the *Mob* or *People* ſhould have turn'd *Rebels*, or at leaſt, *not have Fought for the States*, when the *Pope* ſent his Army of *Guelphs* (as *Pope Paul* V. did) againſt thoſe *Gibelline-States*.

I Anſwer; becauſe St. *Paul* aforeſaid (in his Hiſtory of the *Council of Trent*) had open'd the Peoples Eyes, ſhewing that all Excommunications *not rightly Adminiſtred*, were but *Crack-farts*.

Pope *Paul*, at length, proffer'd to *abſolve them*; they ſcorn'd the motion, and, to this day, ſtand *formally Excommunicated*,

without any *formal Absolution*: But they never throve so well, as after they were curs'd by the *Pope*.

The *French* Kings, ever since *Philip the Fair*, when the *Popes* dare displease them, say, in effect, as he did, *Sciat fatuitas* (instead of *bonitas*) *tua*, your *Coxcombship* may hereby understand, instead of *your Holiness* may understand.

The *States of Holland* are *Presbyterians*, but tolerate all *Religions*, and suffer no Church-Cabals, *Synods*, *Convocations*, *Classes*, or *General Assemblies*; as impolitick *Scotland* does, where poor King *Charles* II. was glad to humble himself, and stand on the Stool of Repentance, when he displeas'd *Mes Andrew Cant*, and the rest of the *Holy Kirk*.

In short, I will be *surety* for them that call themselves the *Church of England*, that they shall never *rebel*, (or, to use their own Language, in their late *Memorial*) until *Nature rebel* against *Principle* of *Passive Obedience*, until the *Queen* displease them, or dare deny them all the Sway, and High-Places in her Kingdom, to the utter disobliging of all Her other Subjects.

But, the Great and Holy God, the Judge of Heaven and Earth is a Spirit, and the Being of all other Beings, Omnipresent, every where in Heaven, in Earth, in Vegetables, nay, in every Worm and Fly, and there *totus in toto & in qualibet parte totus* incomprehensibly, and seek for no Worship or Worshippers, but such as Worship him, *in Spirit* (and also) in *Truth*, *John* 41. 22, 24. *ye Worship ye know not what*, when you bow to the *East*, to the *Altar*, or Whipping and Tormenting your selves, like the *Papists*, or Howling, Kneeling and Gashing your selves, like *Baal's Priests*.

Or like the Worshippers of the *Queen of Heaven* (the Moon) say those (in *Jeremy*,) the Virgin *Mary* (say the *Papists*) or Kneeling to the Sun, to make them change their unchangeable Course.

Much less, by such methods, can the Almighty and Eternal Spirit change, *I the Lord change not*.

For, *God is not a Man that he can repent*, as if he had ever made a false Step, it is as impossible, as to make him, by Superstitious Howlings, change, stop his eternal course and decrees, and face about.

The Truth is —— tho' *Priests and People* deny it, in *Words*, yet, in *Fact* it appears, that they fancy Almighty God to sit in Majesty, Enthron'd in Heaven, whither they lift up their

Eyes,

Eyes, and ſtretch'd their Hands, and turn their Faces to the *Eaſt* and *Worſhip*.

Whereas, theſe are *ſtrong Deluſions*, being given over *by God* to believe a Lye, that they all might be Damn'd, which believe not the Truth, but had pleaſure in unrighteouſneſs, or the myſtery of Iniquity, or Antichriſt; that Son of Perdition; *exalting himſelf*, (like the *Pope*, and all Highflown *Popiſhlike Prieſts*) above *all* that is *called God*, namely, the *Magiſtrate*.

What? ſhall we have no Religion then?

God forbid; but much better to have *no* Religion than a Fooliſh, Antichriſtian *Superſtition* or *Prieſtcraft*.

Worſhipping God as if he were *an Old King*, ſitting in State and Glorious Majeſty in the *Eaſt part* of Heaven.

Whereas in truth, Almighty God (not to treat him or paint him or deſcribe ἀνθρωποπαθῶς, after the manner of Men) is not more a *King* than a *Queen*, a *He* than a *She*, a *Man* than a *Woman*; any Adoration or Worſhip to the contrary notwithſtanding:

And ſuch Devotion makes the Holy *God* (that ſhall Judge and Damn you for the Deluſion and Idolatry) *a meer Idol*; oh!! fooliſh People and unwiſe!

Nevertheleſs, Bigots will ſay (like thoſe Worſhippers of the *Queen of Heaven*, *Jer.* 44. 16, 17.) *We will do whatſoever cometh out of our own Mouth*; (tho' a Lying Spirit be in that Mouth, as was in King *Ahab*'s *falſe Prophets*) *As we have done, both we and our Fathers, our Kings and our Princes.*

Well, go on, *go together*, Good Men and True, there's no ſtopping the Career of a Prieſtridden Bigot and Perſecutor; take your Courſe, till Almighty God ſtop your *Career* in ſpight of your *Teeth*, or till you open your *Eyes* and *Ears* to True Religion, to God, to *Chriſt*, Holy Scripture and Right Reaſon. This is the total Sum of true Religion, namely,

1*ſt*, To worſhip God, that is a Spirit, in *Spirit and Truth*, *Praiſing* him continually, and *Praying* continually, and *Saying-Grace* continually, in *Spirit*, though you kneel not down, nor put off your Hat, to be uncover'd when you pray; why not your *Night-Caps* or your *Perriwigs*, Loggerhead? And if you do uſe words, let them be (like *Chriſt's Prayer*) *very few*, Eccl. 5. 1.

2*dly*, *Do as you would be done unto, which is* all the *Law and the Prophets*; for, *pure Religion and undefiled before God, even the Father, is this, to viſit the Fatherleſs and Widows in their adverſity, and to*

keep

keep our ſelves unſpotted from this vile Earth, *Jam.* 1. 27. for *Faith without Works is dead*, as the *Body without the Spirit.*

3*dly*, Let the *Apoſtle's Creed* incloſe *all* thy *Faith* (more is too much, or needleſs) and let the *Sacraments* (of Baptiſm and the Holy Supper) *ſeal all up*, with Praiſes and Prayers, in Spirit and in truth.

Live chearfully and peaceably under the Government that protects thee; for *all powers* (good and bad) *are of God*; therefore curſe not the King, no not in the Bed-chamber; for the Birds of the Air will tell the Matter, though thou doſt curſe in *Riddles*, as *Drinking Healths to Sorrel*, &c. why ſhould'ſt thou die before thy time?

And, ſeeſt thou Oppreſſion in a Province (when the *Beaſt* overtops the *Man*, and the *Luſt* of arbitrary ſway cancels all Laws of God and Man, of Nature and right Reaſon, Divinity and Humanity) marvel not at the matter; for he that is higher than the higheſt regardeth, and there are higher than *they*; *they* pay *for all* the Reckoning, at *Reckoning-day*, which is ſometimes *ſlow*, but always *ſure*.

Though a Government diſpleaſe thee, yet *bridle thy Tongue*, let it not be ſet on *fire of Hell*, as is the Tongues of Falſe Prophets, when a lying Spirit (as into the majority of *Ahab's Clergy*) gets it into their Mouths.

They are always for *ſpitting fire* out of their Mouths in ſome Pulpits, *Short-ways*, and *Perſecutions*, and *threatning Memorials* too, (abuſing the ſacred Name of the *Church of England*, with their furious Ribaldry and Menaces, as well as our gracious *Queen*, and moderate and wiſe *Miniſtry* and *Government*, for no other cauſe in the World, but becauſe they are ſo wiſe and gracious in their Miniſtration, as to be moderate and kind, like God and the Sun, to all their Subjects.

But whence comes Wars and μάχαι ſharp Contentions among you, come they not hence, even from your Luſts (of Avarice and Prieſtcraft Ambition) *that fights στρατευομένων in your Members*, and gets in (like the lying Spirit) into the Mouths of Falſe Prophets, and guides their ſpit-fire Tongues, and Hand and Pen.

There needs no *Canons* nor *Decretals* of *Popes* and *General Councils*; no voluminous Schoolmen, and *wrangling Diſputes*, and *Sermons, Sermons, Books, Books*; (Come buy:) no *Excommunications*, *cropping of Ears*, *Impriſonments*, nor *Smithfield-fires* to carry on this *True Religion.*

For

For it is eaſy and infallible, rational and beneficial to all Mankind that inhabit this *vile Earth*, it is *ſhort* and *ſweet*.

It gives *Glory to God on high*, *on Earth Peace*, and *Good will towards Men*, to make them *live* happy *here* and *hereafter*.

But, none can be *God's humble Servant* in this *his low Church* and *true Religion*, but *only thoſe* that are emancipated and made free, from the Slavery of *Superſtition*, which, by cuſtom is become habitual to them, and a ſecond Nature, ſuck'd in (as *Mahometaniſm* in *Turky*) with their *Mothers Milk*; and incurable, except by the uſe of right Reaſon.

This *True Religion* obviates all our *Fears*, all our *Dangers*, from *Earth*, from *Hell*.

It *cools* all our Heats about *High-Church* and *Low-Church*, uniting us all.

It quells all our *Animoſities*, fermented by lying Tongues and flying Pamphlets.

It quenches the Fire and Faggots of *Smithfield-flames*, and the belching flaſhes of *Vulcano's-Memorials*, *Oxonian-Ætna's*, *Inquiſition*, and *Perſecution*, and *Draco's* Laws, all over this *vile* Earth.

This *true Religion* routs without Sword or Gun, the *Holy Leagues* of *France*, the *geud Covenant* of *Scotland*, the *Memorial* of the *Church of England*, and all *Crackfart Excommunications*, both *here* and at *Rome*, and all *Horning* in *Scotland*; and in *England*, *ſilly* Ceremonies, and *ſillier* Ceremony-mongers, waging their wrigling Britch, and making a Leg, and bowing, forſooth, and nodding to the Altar and unlighted Candles, old *Cathedral-Nodders*, old *Noddies*, that are too *old* to *learn*, but want wit enough to be *wiſer*, and yet want *Grace* to *mend*, and *ſhame* to *bluſh* for the *ſoft place* in their Heads. Bleſſed *Church-Cathedral*, next Door, and a kin to *Sell-Soul-Doctors-Commons*; put them together, and ſpell, and tell me their true Names.

This *true Religion* makes all *News* good *News*, nothing comes *amiſs* to me, I ring my Bells, and fire my Guns, as much at *bad* News as *good* News, becauſe we Mortals *know not* what is good News or bad.

I ſay my Prayers, *God's will be done on Earth as it is in Heaven*, and ſo it will whether I pray or not, whether I will or not: I uſe the means to what I would be at; if I am diſappointed of my *Aims* and *Intentions*, I am never diſappointed of my *Hopes*.

For, I never *hope* for any thing, but what will come, whether I *hope* or *fear* it. We hope for a Victory, and get it, and make a *Thankſgiving-Day* for it, that many times turns to our

hurt; and make a *Fast-Day* for a *Loss*, that proves to be *Gain* to us in *Conclusion*: *Before I was afflicted I went astray*, says *David*.

All News is welcome to all of my Religion, to all but *Fools* and *Knaves*, nothing can possibly come amiss, neither can hurt me, or displease me, or discompose me. Like a Dye, fling me how you can, I will fall upon a true bottom, on one side or other, all's one to me; which is another reason, under God, why I have liv'd so chearfully, so healthfully, and so long.

In the day of Prosperity rejoyce (better translated, as it is, the *Indicative Mood* from the Original, *ye do rejoyce*) *in the day of adversity ye do consider*. It is a History of what the silly World does, it does rejoyce and ring the Bells in the day of *Prosperity*: But in the day of *Adversity* they consider, they are *all a mort*, their Hearts are at their Mouths, a Man, a brave Man, that has always presence of Mind, may kill forty of them with a Bean.

In short, I draw my Arrow with all my *might and dexterity*, and I *aim* at the *mark* with all my *cunning and skill*; but if I miss it I am in no *disarray*, nor one jot discomposed, knowing that Infinite Wisdom *can* and *will guide* the World better than I can tutor it; tho' I *whip* my self, as do the *Papists*, or *gash* my self like *Baal's Priests*, or make forty *Fast-Days*, as we in *England* and *Holland*; but in *Holland* they do it *ad faciendum Populam*, as the *French* King sings *Te Deum*, till it is become *ridiculous* to *Friends* and *Foes*, as well as to *himself* and his *Cozen* the Archb. of *Paris*.

No *rational Men*, nor *Christians* upon Earth, but must be of *this true Religion*, or else renounce their *Baptism*, *right Reason*, and *Holy Scripture*. Except, that instead of *renouncing the Devil and all his Works*, they resolve to continue (like *Balaam's* Beast) Priestridden Asses for False Prophets to bestride and ride them: Spur on, *Balaam*; for your Bigots are beneath my Scorn and below my Pity. All Persecutors have a *King over them*, who is *Pa-pa*, *Pa-ter pa-trum*, *King of kings and Lord of lords*, and is exactly described, *Rev.* 9. 11. *They have a king over them, even the Angel of the Bottomless-pit*, whose Name in *Hebrew* is *Abaddon*, and in *Greek*, Ἀπολλύων; in *Latin*, *Perdens*; and in *English*, the *Destroyer*, or, *the Persecutor*. —— O! vile Persecutors! of all *Persuasions*, *Kirks*, or *Churches* whatsoever, that have deluged and stain'd *this vile Earth* with *Blood and Wounds*: Blush and behold your Fathers, the *Fathers of Lies*, murderers from the beginning, *Abaddon* and *Apollyon*, the *Devil* and the *Pope*, and the persecuting *high-flown Kirks* and *Churches*.

FINIS